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THE  
H I S T O R Y  
O F  
MISS GREVILL:  
IN TWO VOLUMES.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF *Wife*  
*INTERESTING MEMOIRS.*

---

VOL. I.

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D U B L I N:  
PRINTED BY P. BYRNE, GRAFTON-STREET

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M.DCC.LXXXVIB



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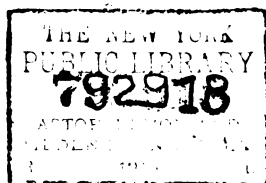
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M.DCC.LXXXVIB



T O

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

he COUNTESS of GLASGOW.

MADAM,

TO obtain the Patronage of the GREAT  
a common ambition: Mine aspires to a  
rich nobler object, that of deserving the  
probation of the GOOD.

THE friendship with which your Lady-  
p has long honoured me, while it gra-  
ces this desire, inspires likewise the sin-  
gle wish more and more to merit the con-  
fidence of it.

As a public testimony of respect due to  
your character, as well as of my sense of  
numberless obligations, I dedicate to you,  
ADAM, the following sheets.

THEY contain a story intended to com-  
bat a prejudice very frequently entertained  
in early life—That none but a first at-  
tachment can be a happy one.—And  
to inculcate a truth of the last importance  
to society—That honour, gratitude, and  
in every one, a sense of religion, are sufficient

iv DEDICATION.

to conquer even the most ardent passion when to indulge it is no longer consistent with virtue.

SUCH an attempt will, I flatter myself, meet the approbation of one, who, by daily experience, that piety and prudence are the surest foundations of universal esteem, as well as the best security for domestic happiness.

I am,

MADAM,

with the greatest respect,

your Ladyship's sincere friend

and obliged humble servant

THE AUTHOR

EDINBURGH, }  
April 20, 1787. }

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
MISS GREVILLE.

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LETTER I.

*From Mrs. Helen-Maria Stanley, to Miss  
Lucy Herbert.*

Stanley Farm.

‘ **H**EAVENS! I hear my dear girl  
‘ exclaim as she unfolds this letter, is  
‘ there then no region of the earth that  
‘ can defend one from the teasing imper-  
‘ tinance of old useless maiden-aunts?—  
‘ After having preached away every par-  
‘ ticle of my patience in the country, must  
‘ she follow me to the metropolis, and, in  
‘ the very center of pleasure, intrude on

‘ me with antiquated instructions, and  
 ‘ tiresome reprehension of faults, which  
 ‘ exist only in her memory, and which  
 ‘ have forgotten an age ago?’

My Lucy will do me the justice to own that if I do intrude on her sometimes, in consequence of the trust reposed in me by her dying mother, it is not to indulge my own splenetic humour, or restless itch for talking: but with a view to correct those little foibles, which others less tenderly interested in her happiness, would suffer to increase till habit had confirmed them faults; and to render her as completely amiable, as she is handsome.

Admiration, independent of esteem, must ever be a short-lived sentiment. To excite it, is an ambition unworthy of a reasonable woman. Would we aspire to be generally admired, we must study to become truly estimable.

A celebrated writer says justly, ‘ A woman can be handsome only one way, but  
 ‘ may be agreeable a thousand ways.’——  
 May I not add, that a handsome woman can be disagreeable a thousand ways, unknown to the generality of her sex?

It is certain, that we are always inclined to give the mind credit for dispositions suitable to the fine form it inhabits; and as we rely on the countenance as a letter of recommendation, we are peculiarly dis-  
 gusted

gusted when we read in the manners and the heart, a character that bears no resemblance to it.

You tell me, that you are resolved to rescue old maids from the odium long thrown on that respectable order of females; 'and to insure your success, are to set me up as a model.' How can I so properly justify your partiality, or prove myself worthy of the title of a respectable old maid, as by striving to form the young ones to shine in those characters which providence may allot them?

Your's, my Lucy, will, I trust, in due time, be that of a wife; at once the most agreeable and important in society. Yet lest it should prove otherwise, it is fit you should study to acquire in early life, that command of temper, complacency of manners, and humble opinion of yourself, which are peculiarly necessary for the comfort and ease of a woman destined to pass her time chiefly with those of her own sex; and whose prospects are not varied, nor hours enlivened with the endearing tenderness of a husband and children.

These prospects, my Lucy, once were mine. You are not wholly unacquainted with the fatal event that blasted them for ever. You have heard the name of Howard, connected with all that was gallant and generous; you have heard his un-



timely fate lamented by many who had not the happiness of knowing him. Ah, my Lucy! neither time, sorrow, nor disappointment, have yet so entirely extinguished the tender remembrances ever awakened by that name, as to suffer me to write it without a tear.

You know that the best and bravest of mankind fell at the very moment of victory, when love and fortune united to crown his wishes, and reward his toils.—But you know not—I trust you will never know, a grief so poignant as that his loss occasioned; which reduced me at first to despair, and clouded all my subsequent years with sorrow.

His death left a void in my heart, which nothing but the dear hope of a reunion with him could supply. His virtues for ever hallowed by memory, were the standard by which I judged of all my succeeding admirers. How did their merits shrink into insignificance by the comparison! The sickening contrast increased my dislike to marriage so much, that it justified me in my own opinion from the charge of caprice, on dismissing the several candidates for my favour. And time, whilst it diminished the violence of my sorrow, gave a tenderness to it, that suited the natural seriousness of my temper, and rendered

dered the recollection of the past my chief enjoyment.

From a heart thus softened, but not soured by disappointment, my dear girl may ever expect to meet with indulgence ; and though at fifty-six I have an undisputed right to assume the name, I am resolved for ever to abjure the weaknesses too often connected with the character, of an old maid. Having enough to employ me at home, I will neither pry into the motives, nor censure the actions of those around me ; I will neither declaim on the virtues of the past age, nor the vices of the present. I will be a pleased spectator in those scenes of innocent amusement, where I cannot with propriety assume an active part ; be a ready partner to the dead man at whist ; promote cross purposes to the utmost of my abilities ; instruct my nieces and nephews in the complicated science of country-dances, and even at times assist in guiding them through the figure.

I will flee the company of masters and misses, who dread the eye of a maiden-aunt, as they would that of a basilisk ; and court their little brothers and sisters in the nursery, where a game at romps, and a few sugar plumbs, will never fail to make me a favourite.

Thus, harmless and inoffensive, though not distinguished, I hope to pass the re-

maining part of life : If obscure, at least innocent, untainted by calumny, undisturbed by ambition, unembittered by reproach.

I confess, however, my Lucy, I am not exempted from what some reckon the weakness of our nature; I mean the desire of being remembered after death. By the constant exercise of the gentle and social virtues, I wish to merit the praise of friendship, and the tear of humanity.

And though no tender parent, disconsolate husband, or duteous child, shall pay that slender tribute to my cold remains, my heart relies on some faithful friend (some generous Lucy perhaps) for snatching my memory from oblivion, and pronouncing, if deserved, my panegyric, in some such terms as these :

‘ Her life was spent in doing good ; in  
 ‘ discovering and correcting her own errors, and in pitying and concealing those  
 ‘ of others. She wept for the unhappy,  
 ‘ and contributed to their relief : she trembled for the guilty, and prayed for their  
 ‘ conversion ; she rejoiced with the prosperous, and reminded them to be grateful.  
 ‘ She was desirous of good will, but  
 ‘ sought not applause : satisfied with doing  
 ‘ her duty, she left the reward of it to  
 ‘ Heaven.—The hope of immortality,  
 ‘ made life supportable ; and the sense of  
 ‘ her

‘ her own frailty, rendered death welcome.  
 ‘ The last sigh she breathed, was for her-  
 ‘ self; the last prayer she uttered, was for  
 ‘ her species; and she quitted the world,  
 ‘ without having made an enemy, or lost  
 ‘ a friend.’

May such, my dear Lucy, be my fune-  
 ral oration! You will tell me, I am arro-  
 gant to expect it: At least, let me strive  
 to deserve it.

It is time to dismiss this engrossing sub-  
 ject of self. Without trusting my pen with  
 another, I will commission it to assure you  
 of the lasting and tender attachment of your  
 affectionate aunt,

HELEN-MARIA STANLEY.

## L E T T E R II.

*From Miss Lucy Herbert to Mrs. Helen-  
 Maria Stanley.*

London.

IN vain, dearest aunt! in vain do you  
 paint the various satisfactions of the maiden  
 state, its blissful exemption from cares and  
 crosses, its unruffled, quiet, and unenvied  
 repose.—Positively ‘ I’ll none of it,’ even  
 after reading your description. Whoever  
 repeats your eulogium, may some Pope,  
 Swift,

Swift, or Warburton, of the next century, do justice to my memory, and perpetuate my fame, in terms to this effect:

‘ Her life was spent in doing nothing ;  
 ‘ in discovering her own faults, which she  
 ‘ was at no pains to correct, and which  
 ‘ she strove to lessen, by exaggerating  
 ‘ those of others. She wept when she  
 ‘ beheld a prettier woman than herself ;  
 ‘ she trembled when she heard her praised ;  
 ‘ she rejoiced when she was seized with  
 ‘ the small-pox. She was desirous of a  
 ‘ number of admirers, but shunned choos-  
 ‘ ing a husband ; satisfied with the repu-  
 ‘ tation of beauty, she was indifferent  
 ‘ about securing its reward. The hope  
 ‘ of leading the fashion, made her support  
 ‘ the impertinence of fools she despised ;  
 ‘ and the sense of her own accomplishments,  
 ‘ made her receive the grossest flattery as her  
 ‘ due. The last sigh she breathed, was for  
 ‘ the loss of her beauty ; the last prayer she  
 ‘ uttered, was for an increase of her for-  
 ‘ tune ; which not having obtained, she  
 ‘ quitted the world in a pet, without car-  
 ‘ ing for any she left behind her, whether  
 ‘ enemies or friends.’

I see you stare, and shake your head,  
 exclaiming as you take off your spectacles,  
 ‘ Poor girl ! I thought how it would be  
 ‘ when she quitted Stanley farm :—See,  
 ‘ brother, what comes of London journies-

‘to girls of eighteen! Your favourite niece might be a great-grandmother in folly—she is ruined beyond redemption.’

Softly, my dear aunt! you really know nothing of the world; and to be ignorant of the world, is briefly to be good for nothing. What signifies all you have read and taught me, and all I have heard and remembered? The instructions we receive in the country, if followed in town, would render us ridiculous; and the virtues inculcated in infancy, by the time we grow up, have no longer an existence.

You admonished me, ‘to improve my time.’ Not one moment of time have I found since the instant of my arrival.—‘To be diligent in my duty.’ There is no other in London, but pleasure.—‘To love my enemies.’ Here, all profess themselves my friends.—‘To respect my superiors.’ Every one I meet, is my humble servant.—‘To observe the golden rule.’ Here, the universal maxim is, Care for nobody but thyself.

Besides, every thing is regulated by fashion; and fashion is as arbitrary as the one sex, and as fickle as the other. Thus, when you were young, (forgive me), it was fashionable to love one’s relations, read controversy, be a Whig or a Tory, and go to church of a Sunday.—Now, it is vulgar to have a single relation in the world; and

scanda.

scandalous, at table, to drink the health even of your dearest friend. No books are read, but novels; no party embraced, but that which can procure a pension; no adoration paid, but to women; and no church frequented at all.

In your time, it was fashionable to have a large forehead, a straight waist, and short nails.—Now, a large forehead would exclude one from company; a straight waist be a reflection on one's understanding; and short nails render one infamous in all polite circles.

To convince you, however, that all your cares have not been thrown away, and that I am as ready as ever to receive good advice, and even sometimes to follow it, I invite you to point out to me those faults, which, you may be assured, I shall never discover without your assistance; and I will then shew you, by my readiness to abjure them, that I am, even in London, your grateful, dutiful, and affectionate niece,

LUCY HERBERT.

L E T.

## LETTER III.

*From Mrs. Helen-Maria Stanley to Miss  
Lucy Herbert.*

Stanley Farm.

I THANK my dear girl for her lively epistle, and the intelligence it conveys with respect to her progress in the grand mystery of the way of the world.

Should your future bear any proportion to your late improvements, I will venture to prophesy, before you reach your twenty-first year, that you will outshine all who have gone before you, in the practice, as well as the knowledge, of every fashionable folly.

But, to be serious, my dear Lucy;—in compliance with a request dictated at once by good sense and affection, I am resolved to let no opportunity escape, of testifying my friendship, by reproving your errors. Think not, however, that all my letters shall be in the monitorial stile,—an unpleasing one to myself: No. My delight will be, to watch the dawns of virtue in your bosom; to remove whatever might obstruct its progress; and to encourage its advancement in this imperfect state, toward that complete excellence it will attain in a better.

I shall



maining part of life: If obscure, at least innocent, untainted by calumny, undisturbed by ambition, unembittered by reproach.

I confess, however, my Lucy, I am not exempted from what some reckon the weakness of our nature; I mean the desire of being remembered after death. By the constant exercise of the gentle and social virtues, I wish to merit the praise of friendship, and the tear of humanity.

And though no tender parent, disconsolate husband, or duteous child, shall pay that slender tribute to my cold remains, my heart relies on some faithful friend (some generous Lucy perhaps) for snatching my memory from oblivion, and pronouncing, if deserved, my panegyric, in some such terms as these:

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‘ her own frailty, rendered death welcome.  
 ‘ The last sigh she breathed, was for her-  
 ‘ self; the last prayer she uttered, was for  
 ‘ her species; and she quitted the world,  
 ‘ without having made an enemy, or lost  
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May such, my dear Lucy, be my fune-  
 ral oration! You will tell me, I am arro-  
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 to deserve it.

It is time to dismiss this engrossing sub-  
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 after reading your description. Whoever  
 repeats your eulogium, may some Pope,  
 Swift,

Admire that simplicity of manner, which needs no ornament to render it attractive; that affability, which flows directly from the heart; that humility, which is equally secure from giving or taking offence; and that total forgetfulness of self, in promoting the enjoyment of others, which, without courting the admiration of any, secures the favour of all.

Your cousin Harry's letter has this moment reached me, and confirmed the former disagreeable intelligence, that he must join his regiment, and immediately embark for America:—a new source, this, of anxiety, both to your uncle and me. Strive, my dear girl! to amuse our lonely hours, by writing frequently; nor fear many more such grave lectures as this.

It will be long before I find another opportunity of pointing out two foibles in one letter.—Your affectionate aunt,

HELEN-MARIA STANLEY.

## L E T T E R IV.

*Miss Herbert to Miss Greville.*

London.

AFTER spending six weeks, the pleasantest I have ever known, in the uninterrupted enjoyment of your society, you may believe

Believe I derived but little amusement from the sight of objects in which I took no interest, and a journey which was carrying me far from the quiet of the country, and the friend I most tenderly love.

Regret for their loss, my Julia! is the tax we must pay for all our pleasures: Yet let us beware of indulging that regret, till it degenerate into discontent; lest the Being from whom all are derived, should in anger withdraw from his ungrateful creatures, those remaining blessings which they too lightly esteem, and are at no pains to enjoy.

My chagrin on parting with you, was lessened, though not banished, by the vivacity of my sister, whose natural gaiety was increased by the near prospect of becoming an inhabitant of London, and sharing in all the amusements it supplies.

We were accompanied by Harry Stanley, who is a lively, agreeable creature, and does credit to the expensive education bestowed on him by his worthy father. The influence of the sexes on each other, even where no particular attachment subsists, is visible to the most superficial observer: But wherever there is one latent spark of tenderness lurking in the heart, (as I suspect is the case with Henry's), it renders a man so desirous of pleasing, as cannot fail to give new charms to his conversation.

Alread

Already he and Lucy are rambling over half the town ; but as my curiosity was partly gratified three years ago, I prefer the pleasure of conversing with my friend, to the most brilliant spectacle this vast metropolis could afford me. Believe me, Julia, not one of these can supply the sweet satisfaction I used to taste, when wandering with you amidst the silent shades of Harwood, I felt, that the sympathy of my heart, soothed in your's, those sorrows which shunned even the hallowed eye of friendship. When resting together on the mossy bank, we perused, in the works of Littleton, Milton and Shakespeare, the affecting language of nature—the sublime flights of genius—the wild wanderings of fancy ;—and in those of our favourite Thomson, all these united, with descriptions that awaken the finest sensibilities of the human heart !

I am no judge of the rules of composition ; and think myself happy in every species of ignorance that defends me from disgust : But surely I may venture to affirm, that of all our British Poets, Thomson seems peculiarly distinguished by the art of communicating, by his descriptions, that melting tenderness, that sublime enthusiasm, with which the contemplation of her charms inspires all the true lovers of Nature.

I hope you will continue to cultivate *your friendship* for the muses ; though in  
this

this instance alone, you appear ungrateful for the favours bestowed on you, by persisting in disclaiming all connection with them. To the eye of a Poet, every object in the country is invested with a species of beauty, hid from the vulgar ; which makes its way to the heart, and renders even the most trivial interesting.

Of how much importance is it, then, to cultivate a talent, which more endears a retired life, and rural situation like your's ; gives amusement to one's self, and pleasure to others !

Indeed, my friend, Heaven seems liberally to have endued you with all those talents and dispositions requisite for your trying situation ; and the exercise of which will afford you a satisfaction, of which not even that afflicting situation can deprive you. How amiable, how prepossessing, is a character like your's, where the soundness of the understanding is rendered still more estimable by the sensibility of the heart ; and where the gentle affections of the latter, are ever at hand, to temper the severe awards of the former !

Do not blame me for writing to you in this style. Nothing is farther from my intention, than to flatter my friend. My heart dictates to my pen, and from her I am not accustomed to conceal any of its dictates.—Adieu, dearest Julia ! Be careful



ful of your health, and remember how dependent on that, is the happiness of

Your truly affectionate

MARIA HERBERT

## L E T T E R V.

*Miss Herbert to Miss Greville.*

London

THOUGH I wrote to my friend by last post, I will not wait the arrival of her letter; but strive to merit the pleasure of her correspondence, by complying with her request, and writing by every opportunity.

As you never were in London, it would be giving you little information to tell you our house is in St. James's Place. 'Mais c'est commode de connoître le lieux où sont le gens à qui l'on pense soulever. Ne savoir où les prendre, fait une obscurité qui blesse l'imagination.' Therefore I shall briefly tell you, that this, and the neighbouring houses, have pretty little gardens, which open into the Green Park;—a circumstance peculiarly agreeable to me, as I can enjoy a quiet walk there at an early hour, without fear of interruption from company.

I cannot approve of the custom of hurrying strangers from one spectacle to another.

ther, without giving them a moment for recollection. It is like sending travellers 'to ride post through Europe.' My brain is crowded with such a variety of images, that scarce one remains distinctly impressed. I will try, however, to recollect some of those most worthy of your attention, and from time to time endeavour to amuse you with such descriptions as my imperfect memory and untutored pen can supply.

The only object which has equalled my high-raised expectations, is Westminster Abbey. I was too young three years ago, to pay much attention to it. Now, my admiration increases with every new survey.—With what a reverential awe did I enter that noble edifice! The magnificence of the building is sufficient to impress the mind with the most sublime ideas; but with what infinite variety of solemn pathetic reflections are these scenes associated! —I wish for you at all times, but sicken with impatience for your loved society, when wandering alone through the Abbey. The sacred enthusiasm which it inspires, you, my Julia, are formed to feel and relish. Good Heaven! with what delightful sympathy would I observe the movements of your soul, in your animated countenance, while conducting you through the tombs!

At this moment I see the gaze of mingled tenderness and admiration, with which

you fix your eyes on the beautiful, languishing, dying figure of Lady Nightingale; and the melting compassion that steals through every nerve, while beholding the terror and anguish painted in the countenance of her distracted husband.

How richly fraught, my Julia, is the whole scene, with pious and solemn reflections! The scene where monarchs receive and resign their sceptres; where genius and valour are crowned with fame, and pride and power are conquered by death; where rivals, friends, and foes, sleep in peace together; where tyrants and bigots vainly plotted to enslave mankind, and Addison successfully studied to reform them.

I shall but half enjoy the wonders of this little world, in absence of my friend; but how greatly will my relish of every pleasure be increased, if, by communicating, I can teach you to share them with me!

Before quitting the Abbey, which I never do without reluctance, I must inform you of a new species of entertainment which it lately afforded me. While wandering there on Saturday, my meditations were interrupted by the entrance of two persons, one of whom, in the true gossiping stile, was instructing her companion (who appeared to be a stranger) in the designs of the different monuments, and the names and qualities of the several personages

nages who adorn them; and with whom the good woman seemed perfectly intimate. In the course of this most curious rhapsody, I knew not which to admire most, her loquacity, her ingenuity, or her ignorance. She seemed to have established it as a maxim, that 'the woman who deliberates, is lost;' and therefore went on without hesitation, declaiming, lamenting, and moralizing, by turns; and, like death, whose register she had constituted herself, levelling all distinctions. The different emblems of peace, plenty, time, fame, &c. stopt her rapid career a few moments; but she did not puzzle her brain, to discover what her invention could so easily supply; and contented herself with bestowing the title of Angel on every being who wore wings. After a thousand blunders too absurd to be repeated, she fixed her eyes on Shakespeare's monument, and reading the inscription,—'Aye, aye, exclaimed she, this 'this was his Majesty's architect; I warrant 'ye he built this here Abbey, for you see 'he holds a scroll telling of towers, palaces, and temples.' 'And turning to Handel's) there is his trumpeter too; poor 'man! his wind is broken now, and it is 'what we must all come to.'

On approaching the tomb of Sir Isaac Newton, 'Look'ee there now, cried she, 'that there great man was the first who  
 B 2 'taught

‘taught us to see light the right way, and  
 ‘follow the course of the stars. You see  
 ‘he holds a comet in his hand, to shew he  
 ‘was not a bit afraid of them : And these  
 ‘fine little boys here at play around him  
 ‘(pointing to the arts and sciences) were  
 ‘every one his pupils.’

I know not in what stile of adulation our great philosopher may now be hailed by kindred spirits in heaven ; but I will venture to affirm, whilst on earth, his ear was never soothed by a strain of more sublime, though simple flattery.

I fear I have tired you with this long letter, but the desire of amusing you has occasioned it. Should the chearful flow of my spirits at any time disagree with the more serious tone of your’s, check my impertinent sallies, my beloved Julia ; and believe, that gaiety will ever be readily abjured by your friend, when it is discordant with your pensive humour, or serious reflections.

MARIA HERBERT.

## LETTER VI.

*Miss Herbert to Mrs. Helen-Maria Stanley.*

London.

WE have been thrown into the utmost consternation, my dear aunt, by the strangest

est accident.—Lucy, our toogiddy thoughtless girl, has exposed herself to a mortification, the most painful of all others to a woman of true delicacy ;—that of becoming the object of public animadversion and ridicule.

Afraid that this strange affair may reach you, with those disagreeable additions which such stories always gain from general report, she commissions me to give you an account of the whole adventure ; and to assure you, that though her spirits are still much agitated by recollection of the danger in which her imprudence last night involved her, she will soon convince you, by writing herself, that they have not abandoned her.

Having often expressed a great desire to go to a masquerade, in spite of my father's dislike of that entertainment, her eloquence and perseverance at length overcame his scruples, and he consented to her accompanying Sir James and Lady Melford last night to the Pantheon.

She was very elegantly dressed in a Spanish habit, ornamented with all the jewels left her by her godmother, and looked charmingly ; though I could not help telling her, she had mistaken her talents, in thinking herself qualified to maintain with dignity the character of a Spaniard : But she reminded me, that no one appeared

publicly in their own character, and that it was proper for her to learn, like the rest of the gay world, to assume what disguises she pleased.

My father and I supped without company, and sat very late, in expectation of her arrival. You may imagine our astonishment, when a servant of Lady Melford's knocked violently at the door, and asked eagerly, whether Miss Herbert was yet arrived? On finding she was not, he flew off like a madman, calling to John, not to inform Sir William that he had been enquiring about her.

Being in the front parlour, we heard all that passed; nor was our surprise and terror lessened, when a carriage driving furiously up to the door, a Gentleman entered, followed by a Lady, supporting Lucy, pale as death; her hair dishevelled, and her dress in the greatest disorder.

I flew to my dear sister, who seemed unable to speak. Don't be alarmed too much, Madam, said the stranger; this young Lady has been sadly frightened; but, she assures me not in the least degree hurt. I hope a little quiet will restore her, and that I shall have the happiness to-morrow of finding her spirits perfectly recovered. So saying, the two strangers retired, without waiting for those acknowledgments which our extreme agitation prevented us from paying.

Having

Having a little recovered from her terror, Lucy informed us, that just as Lady Melford's company were alighting at the door of the Pantheon, a chariot drove up with such violence, that the wheels of the two carriages were entangled, and occasioned a great bustle and disturbance.

A gentleman in a Turkish habit, alighted from the chariot, and after bestowing several hearty curses on his coachman, came up to Lady Melford, and politely expressed his concern for what had happened.

He withdrew, and the company walked towards the upper end of the room. In a few minutes, he rejoined them; and continuing very assiduous about Lady Melford, she expressed a wish to know whether she had the honour of being acquainted with him. Is it possible, Madam, returned he, that you do not know me? Indeed I do not, Sir, she replied. Then, continued he in a whisper, I shall for the future have a higher opinion than formerly of my ability to deceive, since I have escaped being discovered even by the penetrating eyes of Lady Melford.

This speech convincing her that the Turk must be one of her acquaintance, she made no scruple of entering into conversation with him.

Sir James, who wore a plain domino, came up, and told Lady Melford, that he



was going to join in a dance, (of which Lucy had just declared herself a great admirer).

The Turk entreated her to honour him with her hand, a favour, which, with Lady Melford's approbation, she readily granted, and away they tripped ; but the room being very crowded, they could not get forward in time for the dance. Lucy then proposed returning to her company ; but her partner importuned her with such earnestness to wait for the next dance, that she knew not how to refuse. Just as it was about to begin, a person in a plain domino (whom Lucy supposed to be Sir James, having never seen him till that evening) came in great haste, and told her, ' that Lady Melford was suddenly taken ill, and begged her to come to her instantly, as she must return home, and waited for her in the coach.'

Her partner presented her his hand, and she suffered him to lead her out, without once reflecting on her imprudence, in thus putting herself under the protection of a stranger. When they reached the door, Lady Melford's servants were repeatedly called ; but neither carriage nor servants appeared. She was in the utmost agitation, when another mask addressing himself to the Turk, ' Lady Melford, Sir,' said *he*, ' was so ill, that she could not wait for  
' the

‘ the young Lady, but entreats you will be  
‘ so good as to attend her home in a coach  
‘ that waits here.’ Poor Lucy, unsuspecti-  
ous of the artful snare laid for her, and un-  
der the greatest concern for her friend, suf-  
fered her partner to attend her into the car-  
riage, who called to the coachman to drive  
to Sir James Melford’s in Upper Brook-  
street. On expressing much impatience to  
get there, the stranger put out his head, and  
spoke to the coachman, who then drove  
very hard. Lucy, much surprised at the  
time they took to reach Brook-street, sud-  
denly let down the glass, and, with equal  
terror and astonishment, saw herself at the  
end of a street terminated by the high road.

She hastily exclaimed, ‘ Good Heaven !  
‘ where is the coachman carrying us ?’ But,  
instead of making any reply, the villain  
who accompanied her, pulling up both the  
blinds, seized her hands, and began to tear  
off the diamond buttons from her habit.

She screamed with all her force ; but the  
coachman either did not, or would not  
hear her. Having secured his booty, the  
wretch called to him to stop, and, jumping  
out, ran off, leaving poor Lucy in a faint-  
ing fit. Seeing her lie lifeless on the seat,  
the coachman at first imagined the villain  
had murdered her, and returned towards  
the street with all speed, where, observing a  
tavern-door still open, he stopped, and  
*begged assistance.*

The strange dress and appearance of poor Lucy, soon drew around her, not only the landlord, but all his guests. After having swallowed some drops of hartshorn in water, she became more composed, and begged the landlord to accompany her home; when a post-chaise and four passing by, the proprietor of it seeing a croud, and a number of lights assembled round a carriage, stooped to inquire what was the matter.

Having been informed of the robbery, he alighted, and advancing to the coach, very humanely expressed his concern for Lucy's distress, and begged her to accept of a seat in his carriage, and allow his sister and him to attend her home.

You may believe this offer was gratefully accepted; and though still sick and trembling with the fright, our dear girl called in her way to inform Lady Melford of her safety, whom she found in the most dreadful alarm on her account.

Her protector, Mr. Somerville, and his sister, have just been here; they seem very good people, and the concern they shew about Lucy make us forget they are strangers. I hope to-morrow she will herself be able to give you assurances of her health; you need none of the duty and respect of

Your affectionate niece,

MARIA HERBERT.

LET

## L E T T E R VII.

*Miss Lucy Herbert to Mrs. Helen-Maria Stanley.*

London.

AS there is nothing so tedious as a twice told tale, when there is not one circumstance in it that can either gratify the curiosity of the hearer, or the vanity of the reciter; you will readily forgive me for my passing over in silence, the disagreeable affair Maria has already related.

I know, and have anticipated all you can say on the subject of my imprudence, giddiness, want of thought, &c. But I have a greater respect for truth, and a juster notion of my own character, than to make promises of future amendment, which I may never be able to fulfil. Besides, I am entirely of Dr Armstrong's opinion, ' 'Tis ' painful thinking that corrodes our clay;' and since I have neither time nor inclination for this laborious exercise, I must entreat my dear aunt to excuse me.

I plainly see, all thing here are estimated by a single word—Fashion. Apply it to dress, manners, language, nay vice itself, and they instantly, as if by the power of magic, change both their name and nature. Extravagance becomes taste, licentiousness

centiousness spirit, folly high-breeding, and religion nothing.

A fine face, a lively fancy, and an air of the world, qualifies one for becoming a woman of fashion, and leading all the fools in this vast metropolis: What need then for thought or reflection, which would only teach us to despise or condemn all that the gay world approves and practises? — You will doubtless expect to hear something more about our new friends (for violent friends they already profess themselves) Mr and Miss Somerville of Somerville-hall.

The Squire talks like the rest of his species; his foxes run till we are all out of breath; his trouts have each a couple of inches added to their tails, and his partridges lay their eggs by the score.

As for Miss, she is straight from Parnassus; and not only amuses herself like other poetesses, with rambling carelessly about the skirts of the mountain, but boldly ascends even its Pindaric heights. In spite of her fatigues, she appears so much *en bon point*, that I am persuaded the Heliconian springs must be as nourishing as they are intoxicating. Certain it is, these sons and daughters of Apollo, ‘ whose trade it is  
‘ to put shackles upon good sense, and smother reason with heaps of flowers,’ swell mightily, if they do not fatten, upon praise.

For my part, I have always suspected the food of poets to be much a-kin to that

that of lovers, which, if properly annalized, would prove intrinsically lighter than air.

You ask, how we all go on? Why, just in the usual stile: My father returns from St James's loaded with promises, which are so light a burden, that the chairmen exact no fare for them. I sigh and simper by turns, whilst Maria wears a smile as settled as that of the angel Gabriel in the salutation. In short, my dear aunt! having got the squire and his sister amongst us, I may affirm that our coterie comprehends in it every variety of character; the joyous, the pensive, the serious, and the ridiculous. Conscience impertinently tells me, to which of these classes you will assign

Your troublesome niece,

LUCY HERBERT.

P. S. I wonder if conscience ever was in London, that she is so ill-bred?

## L E T T E R VIII.

*Mrs Helen-Maria Stanley to Miss Lucy Herbert.*

Stanley-Farm.

IN spite of your last letter, my dear Lucy! I hope you will neither lay aside thought nor reflection, especially in London, where you will find so many subjects for the one, and such necessity for the other.

Reading,

Reading, too, I would earnestly recommend to you, as the best way of occupying a part of every morning. Even after the memory is stored with truths most necessary for the conduct of life, the mental powers must be exercised, and the affections awakened by serious reflection on interesting subjects, else our minds will sink into a lethargic state, joyless to ourselves, and useless to others.

The mind, naturally active, when not engaged in reflection at home, seeks employment abroad; and instead of investigating our own, the characters of others become the subject of enquiry.

We are all disposed to think better of ourselves than we deserve. We compare ourselves with those around us, and with such too as are least deserving. Prejudice and passion aggravate their foibles into faults; self-love diminishes our own to pardonable, or even amiable weaknesses.

Satisfied that our lives are unstained by gross vices, we take no note of those lesser faults into which we daily and insensibly slide;---faults, too, for which no excuse can be offered, because there is no temptation to the commission of them, and which might easily be avoided. Such, for instance, are the offences of the tongue.---Detraction is a vice to which our sex is peculiarly addicted: And yet it is as easy

10

to speak good of our neighbour, or be silent, as to speak evil; for a good word costs as little as a bad one. Could we hope, by blaming, to amend, there would be some excuse for the frequency and severity of our strictures; but we may find fault to the end of the world, without reforming a single person in it.

At first sight, this too common error, this harsh trait of the human heart, seems to spring from some seeds of malevolence sown there by the hand of Heaven itself. 'What pleasure, says the Misanthrope, could one human being find in detracting from the merit of another, unless he were naturally both envious and malicious?' But let us try, my dear Lucy! whether we may not derive this propensity from a less culpable motive.

May not that quick sensibility, which is the foundation of the most amiable virtues, if not corrected by superior principles, betray us into a severe manner of judging? When we feel exquisitely, we express ourselves strongly; and hence, those weaknesses that excite disgust, we are more ready to revile, than pity.

The more intimately we become acquainted with our own characters, my Lucy! the more excuses will we make for the frailties of others. It is the most important of all studies, and that in which diligence will be



be most secure of success. Pursue it earnestly, and daily add to the pleasure of

Your truly affectionate aunt,

HELEN-MARIA STANLEY.

## L E T T E R IX.

*Miss Lucy Herbert to Mrs Helen-Maria Stanley.*

London.

TO be displeased with one's self, never fails to render every object around us displeasing. I am out of humour with the whole world this morning; and you alone can reconcile me to it, by reconciling me to myself.

Poor Mrs Dale has just left me, after fatiguing me to death by a tedious repetition of grievances, which I have heard enumerated a thousand times, and which, alas! I can do nothing to relieve.

My dear aunt! I am ashamed to confess that I felt so fretfully impatient, the unhappy Lady discovered, by my restlessness and inattention, my weariness of the subject.

A piteous look, and heavy sigh, betrayed the deep anguish I had thoughtlessly inflicted. Your image stood before me; confounded and abashed, I dared not to lift my eyes, whilst, in terms to this effect *me-thought* you admonished your faulty girl.

To

‘ To listen to the complaints of the unfortunate, is a far more difficult task than to relieve their necessities ; yet this is a sacrifice humanity requires from us. To all, our alms cannot extend : but sympathy and attention may be afforded to all ; and those whom the former cannot relieve, the latter may console.’

Like many others of the human race, I hope, by confession, to merit absolution ; but I know, to obtain this from my ghostly mother, I must strive, by my future conduct, to make atonement for my past offence. This is my sincere resolution ‘ Praise virtue, and it will encrease.’ A word to the wise---you understand me ?

In order to do penance for my sin, I visited to-day the snarling couple at Woodfort. To be always of the same opinion, I am convinced, would be the greatest of all misfortunes to married people. How could the uniform tenor of the marriage state be supported, were it not for those inspiriting varieties of temper and humour to which wedlock gives free scope ? A little gentle opposition whets one’s wits ; a lively altercation braces the nerves ; and a brisk dispute gives an unspeakable zest to the sweets of the matrimonial banquet. Were it not so, should we see these universally practised from Adam and Eve, Abraham and Sarah, Socrates and Xantippe,  
down

down to the present hour? But though such varieties may be very salutary to the parties concerned, they certainly afford but indifferent entertainment to their guests, and ought therefore to be reserved for the delectable hours of privacy.

Heavens! my dear aunt! and is this the sweet passion of Love, of which so much has been sung and said? The joy of youth,—the solace of age—the only business of life! The essence of sentiment—the soul of heroism—the bond of the universe! Possess of which, we are rich in midst of poverty, and happy in spite of nature; but without which, all the treasures honours, and delights, on this terrestrial ball, are nothing?

Let me be poor, or rich,—honoured, or despised;—but never—oh! never let it be my fate—to marry for love!

I have just received a flighty epistle from cousin Harley, filled with love, esteem, admiration, and eternal regard. I have paid two shillings for postage and the contents, moderately speaking, are not worth a farthing. I pardon him, on consideration that he will soon reach France, where he will learn better manners than to remember his absent friends. Farewell! I must dress, to attend the wedding of an old companion. Nothing, my dear aunt, is so dull as to solemnize happiness. Pleasure is of

too volatile a nature, to bear being exposed to view. It resides in the heart; and those ebullitions of it which can be expressed by the tongue, fly off in a moment: So will not the lively gratitude and sincere affection of your

LUCY HERBERT.

## L E T T E R X.

*Mrs. Helen-Maria Stanley to Miss Lucy Herbert.*

Stanley Farm.

Y<sup>O</sup>U supersede the necessity of my reprehension, my dear girl, by your frank confession of your fault, and sincere resolution of amendment. Long---long may it be, ere experience teach you to know the whole weight of your offence, by the feelings of unpitied calamity. Alas! that any of the human race should add unkindness to affliction, or, by contempt, embitter the anguish of the despondent heart!

For the future, on such occasions as that you mention, let us imitate the example of our Heavenly Father, who, though well acquainted with all our wants and infirmities, invites us to pour out our hearts before him; because he hath so constituted  
the.

the human mind, that, in complaint, it finds sensible relief. Alas, my Lucy, how different is our conduct! We tire of listening to a detail of misfortunes, which can admit of no other alleviation but sympathy, and in which we ourselves may be involved before the dawn of another day.

The singular distresses in which poor Mrs. Dale has been plunged, not through her own, but the fault of others, have given rise this morning to many serious reflections on our ignorance of the great and inexplicable, yet, doubtless, just and good plan of Divine providence. Some thoughts of Bishop King's on this subject, which appeared very ingenious, occurring to my memory, I shall endeavour to communicate them to, though not in his own words, as I have not his book by me.

‘ When we discourse of the wisdom,  
‘ power, and justice of God, it is probable  
‘ that our conceptions bear no nearer re-  
‘ semblance to these attributes of the Deity,  
‘ than the strokes on a map, to the moun-  
‘ tains, cities, and rivers, which they are  
‘ meant to represent.

‘ And were we to place a map before a  
‘ savage, and, pointing to a set of irregular  
‘ black strokes, call them by the names of  
‘ the hills, lakes, or savannahs, which have  
‘ been long familiar to his eye, he would  
‘ be astonished at our folly, till science had  
‘ instructed

‘instructed him to comprehend our meaning, and adopt our language.’

I rejoice to hear that Miss Somerville has lost nothing by her late journies to Parnassus. I hope you did not attempt to lessen that self-complacency, which must console her under the many mortifications she will probably encounter in the dangerous path she has chosen.

There is a wide difference, my Lucy, between flattering the weaknesses of our fellow-creatures, and wounding their self-love, by treating their opinions with contempt, and opposing their prejudices with violence.

The first is the detestable art of a little mind; the second, the humane forbearance of a benevolent heart,

The vivacity of our cousin Harley’s imagination, will subject him to severe disappointments. He is one of those ‘children of hope, who extract evil, both from what they gain, and what they lose; since the good they obtain, is always found to be less than expectation; and that of which they are disappointed, they suppose would have been greater.’

To make up in some measure the loss you have lately sustained, I send my dear girl, a pair of diamond ear-rings, which were the gift of that amiable friend you have often heard me lament. I confess it is

with

with intention to improve, as well as adorn you, that I make you this present. It was her custom to annex to every little ornament, the name of some virtue which she was particularly desirous of attaining, or by which those friends from whom she received them were distinguished. The words, candour, modesty, humility, and charity, were inscribed on her various trinkets, in cyphers understood only by herself: And by means of this ingenious invention, those ornaments which minister to the vanity of other young people, served with her not only as a defence against folly, but as a constant monitor to virtue.

I continue as usual,

‘ Along the cool sequester’d vale of life,  
‘ To hold the noiseless tenor of my way.’

As we advance in our journey, my dear Lucy! self becomes our chief and most interesting study. Happy for us when it yields us pleasure! Happy, in no inconsiderable degree, when the retrospect of the past, supplies us with new vigour in forming good resolutions with regard to the future!

Adieu!—Let neither the allurements of pleasure seduce you from the path of duty, nor its difficulties relax your perseverance. Remember, our present state resembles that

*of a man swimming against a strong current :*  
Whilst

Whilst he continues his exertions, he will certainly advance; but if for one moment he relaxes his diligence, he will be forcibly carried back, and perhaps, by all his struggles, will never again recover what he has lost. We must press towards the goal;—to be stationary, is to be undone.

Your ever affectionate aunt,

HELEN-MARIA STANLEY.

## L E T T E R    XI.

*Miss Lucy Herbert to Mrs. Helen-Maria Stanley.*

London.

I AM in so melancholy a mood to-night, that I am fit for nothing but making my will;—and I think I cannot do better, for I am expiring with vexation.

‘Your will! What, in the name of astonishment, have you got to dispose of?’ Several articles, my good aunt! of which you stand in much need; but which, I doubt, I shall never part with as long as I live. For instance, a tolerable share of vanity—a large portion of loquacity—and abundance of spirit, which mistaken friends term *levity*.—But, to return to my grievances, this strange mortal, this Squire Somerville,



merville, has taken it into his head to fall in love with me, or rather with my father, who has undertaken to convince me, that I cannot have one reasonable objection to the man.

My dear aunt ! I have a hundred and fifty ; but to a woman of your sense, one will suffice. I don't love him---I never will.

Surely he gives a very slender proof either of his prudence, or discernment, in choosing such a mate ; but, I promise you, I have no ambition to become Lady of Somerville manor.

They really tease me with their importunity. I wish fathers would remember they were once young ; and that, however willingly children would obey their commands on other occasions, it is impossible to marry ' by particular desire.'

I entreat you to join me in soliciting permission to return for some time to Stanley farm. I am quite sick of this London. The masquerade gave me a disgust for public amusements ; and this impertinent Somerville has destroyed all my domestic pleasures.

Pray, my dear aunt ! find some pretence for inviting me to the country : I am really mortified to see that my uncle can so long exist without his favourite niece. I wish to amuse him, especially as I imagine there is no chance of the troops being recalled

called from America this season, and he must have many an anxious hour on Harry's account. Pray, when did you hear from him?

I never was less disposed to write than at present. I am stupid, peevish, splenetic, and would give the world for a good pretence to cry. You will tell me, that the world will furnish me with a thousand.

But, lest I should infect you with my bad humour, I will bid you adieu, with a simple truth, which is worth a million of compliments, that, in every situation, I am

Your grateful and affectionate

LUCY HERBERT.

## L E T T E R XII.

*Mrs. Helen-Maria Stanley to Miss Lucy Herbert.*

Stanley Farm.

CONSCIOUS of the influence my Lucy has over me, I must weigh both sides of the question, before I determine to join in a request which the prospect of again enjoying her society would readily induce me to make.

The same post which conveyed your last letter, brought me one from your father,  
 Vol. I. C and

and another from Maria; both of which contained such a character of Somerville, and pointed out so many advantages that would accrue to your family from an alliance with him, that it would be inconsistent with my steady regard to your interest, to join with you in opposing the wishes of your father. At least I cannot consent to do so, till you have made me acquainted with your hundred and fifty reasonable objections to Mr. Somerville.

That you do not yet love him, I cannot admit as one of these, since you have not had time to be sufficiently acquainted with that merit he is generally allowed to possess. That you never will love him, is a resolution founded in humour and caprice, not an objection;—a resolution which is unworthy of your good sense, and which, I doubt not, you may in a little time be brought to abandon.

But, come, my Lucy! let us be more serious. There is only one, which I will allow to be not only a reasonable, but an unmountable objection; and much do I mistake, if the stile of your letter does not imply that this objection actually does subsist, though it is perhaps the only one you dare not adduce in defence of your resolution.

Say, then, my dear child! is not your heart already prepossessed in favour of another? Assure me only, that your favourite

MISS GREVILLE. 51

is worthy of such a treasure, and I will instantly become not only your convert, but advocate.—I remain ever

Your affectionate aunt,

HELEN-MARIA STANLEY.

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L E T T E R XIII.

*Miss Lucy Herbert to Mrs. Helen-Maria Stanley.*

London.

ON certain occasions, dear aunt! we poor women resemble prisoners, surrounded and disarmed by their enemies,—neither able to fly, nor defend themselves. Allow me to tell you a story.

A young friend of mine was long engaged to a Gentleman she has since married; but family-reasons required that the affair should be kept a profound secret.

An impertinent gossip asked her one day, in presence of her mother, whether she was not soon to be the wife of Mr. B.? Instead of returning an answer, the little Jesuit exclaimed in a seeming rage, ‘ I wish to Heaven Mr. B. were married, for I shall never know peace till then!’ Away went the tattling Lady, and assured the whole world, ‘ that she had it from ‘ Miss——’s own mouth, that there was ‘ not a word of truth in the report.’

What have you done, my cruel mistress? You have laid a snare for me, from which it is impossible to escape. Surely your eyes, if not as bright, are at least as penetrating as those of your namesake Helen, of mischievous memory. Hitherto none has dared to hint a suspicion (owing doubtless to my past discretion) of my being capable of such folly, as to attach myself to a man who has nothing but merit; but you have furnished me with a key, which has opened to me a heart I never before was at pains to examine, conscious that it contained nothing but lumber.

Well, then; what if I have discovered a poor little blind urchin lurking in a secret corner, into which he has slyly stolen under the name of esteem, friendship, or some other of the various masks beneath which he shelters himself—Would you have the barbarity to turn him out, and expose him to the chill blasts of contempt and indifference; and, still worse, to the derision of all the great and gay world, who never in their life beheld the poor child?—You could not surely be so cruel.

But, as you say, ‘to be serious,’ I certainly have seen men, or if you will, a man, whom I not only prefer to Mr. Somerville, but to all his sex.

You farther demand to know, whether *this* man be worthy of my heart?—A curi  
o

ous question enough, from a sensible aunt of fifty, to a flippant girl of eighteen!

Can you believe I would have bestowed it on him, if I had not thought he deserved it? Or, do you suppose it possible, that having once bestowed it, I should either have eyes to see his imperfections, or a tongue to acknowledge them?

But, to be still more serious, has not the wise Author of Nature implanted in the heart of man, certain kind and social affections, which he evidently intended should be indulged, as he has supplied him with suitable and correspondent objects? 'Aye; but these affections, though not 'culpable in their own nature, may become so, by being wrong directed, or 'over-indulged.'—Granted. But are we not led, by the dictates of right reason to proportion our affection to the merit of its object? And if I have found a man superior in merit to all other men, ought I not to love him more than all the world besides?—I know not what such learned casuists as you may think of my reasoning, but, in my opinion, I have deduced the inference from the premises, in a very Lady-like and logical manner.

Reflect, my dear aunt! that it is I, not my family, that must marry Mr. Somerville; and consequently that I alone ought to determine this affair, even without be-

ing obliged to produce all my 're-  
'able objections.'

These I can confide to you, but no other person alive. My prepossession is founded on a conviction that it is true, but as my favourite has never told me so, I may be deceived; if he even had, he might prove inconstant: You know they combat the fickleness of the female mind to calmness and waves; but not being able to fix a nature, any thing analogous to the price of men, they let all comparison go.

I stand at present on very unfirm ground. Let it satisfy my best friend—my second mother,—to be assured, that my affections are not bestowed on an unsteady object: But let her be assured that, till that object become less desirable, they are irrevocably fixed.

Time, and happier circumstances, enable me to be more explicit: at present let us drop the subject. Whenever I come to have no reserves with my dear aunt, I will have none.—For I am, sincerely and affectionately,  
niece,

LUCY HERBERT

## L E T T E R XIV.

*Mrs. Helen-Maria Stanley to Miss Lucy Herbert.*

Stanley Farm.

BEING absent two day on a visit, I fear my dear Lucy must have been anxious about the fate of her letter, which did not reach me till this morning: I will not delay a moment to assure my dear girl that I am perfectly satisfied with her ingenuous confession. Banish all anxiety, I beseech you; your father's only object is the happiness of his children, and he will easily be persuaded to leave you at full liberty.

Be easy, then; and believe that your secret is not more safe in your own breast, than in that of your truly affectionate aunt,

HELEN-MARIA STANLEY.

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L E T T E R XV.

*Miss Lucy Herbert to Mrs. Helen-Maria Stanley.*

London.

I DINED yesterday at Michem, and returned home full of good spirits, and a lively presentiment that a letter awaited me. On my arrival, I tripped into the  
C 4 parlour,



parlour, looked all round for my treasure, and found disappointment!—I reasoned down Expectation, chid Disappointment out of doors, and sent the little blue devils to their father Belzebub; but the urchins contrived to make their way back under cover of night, and tormented me in the shape of fevers, sore throats, broken bones, &c. &c.

In this dilemma, I called on the giant Reason; but no sooner did he beat them out of one quarter, than they got in at another. I then invited Fancy to assist me; but this treacherous ally, by deserting to the enemy, increased their force, and redoubled my perplexity. Religion (our forlorn hope) alone remained; but I had so often slighted her aid, that I was ashamed to invoke it. At that moment, the postman's knock was heard: Daniel entered with your letter; and the little talisman was no sooner applied to my heart, than every demon of them was exorcised in a twinkling.

I cannot describe my perplexity, on receiving no answer to my letter by return of post. My imagination was hard at work all the night in forming conjectures concerning its fate.

The loss of the letter was her text: the hands into which it might have fallen, the first head of discourse; and the consequences

ces

ces thence resulting, the favourite topic, which she divided, subdivided, and insisted upon at greater length than did any of the casuists of the last century, on the celebrated question of liberty and necessity; and, like them too, left the matter just as she found it.

Your little billet has set my mind at rest. I rely on your influence with my father; and hope you will ever do so on the lively gratitude of your dutiful and affectionate

LUCY HERBERT.

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## LETTER XVI.

*Miss Herbert to Miss Greville.*

London.

I HAVE expected a letter from my friend for several weeks, with the most anxious impatience; but I am resolved to render my conviction subservient to my wishes, and to believe that any thing rather than loss of health, or want of affection to your friend, has occasioned your silence.

It will give pleasure to your benevolent heart, to hear of the keen relish with which our lively Lucy shares in the public amusements. So few things in life continue long to give us pleasure, that it seems cruelly

to debar young people from the moderate enjoyment of such as are innocent, whilst their chearful and unbroken spirits qualify them for relishing such entertainment as public diversions can afford.

You used to congratulate me on the opportunities my present situation would supply, of acquiring knowledge of the world; but as I esteem all knowledge vain that contributes neither to happiness nor virtue, I cannot felicitate myself on what I shall acquire, by living in a metropolis where licentiousness prevails in a degree hardly to be imagined.

Vice, whether the consequence of error or depravity, must always render human nature unamiable. Convinced that hitherto I have seen mankind in the fairest point of view, I could now wish to shut my eyes, and exclude every ray that would serve to point out errors, which, alas! by seeing, I cannot amend.

But, however averse I am to a town life, I strive, in imitation of my best friend, to cultivate that benevolence and contentment, which, in every situation, is a spring of the most constant and pure enjoyment.

Possessed of health and competence, how cautious ought we to be, of voluntarily renouncing that peace which Heaven has intimately connected with these blessings, but which weak and wilful man so often  
disjoins

disjoins from them!—Hitherto, my life has been a life of indulgence. I know that we are not sent into the world merely to enjoy, but to act, and even to suffer, in order to a future retribution. Ought we then to repine, because every desire is not gratified, nor every wish fulfilled?—Ah! ought we not rather to rejoice, that those we presumptuously and ignorantly form, are often in mercy disappointed?

I entreat my dearest Julia to acquaint me, without delay, with the cause of her silence; for, though I strive to account for it by every circumstance which reason can suggest, I confess reason is not always a match for feeling, in the heart of

Your affectionate friend,

MARIA HERBERT.

## L E T T E R XVII.

*Miss Lucy Herbert to Mrs. Helen-Maria Stanley.*

London.

I AM persuaded, my dear aunt! that, in compounding the clay of which Maria, and I were formed, Dame Nature committed some mistake in the distribution of the materials; allotted the several portions  
without

without rule or measure,, and tossed in the good qualities and failings at random. How else should Maria, without any industry of her own, become possessed of every virtue which I have laboured so long in vain to acquire?—Patience, in this region of folly, is of all others most requisite for me; but had I possessed that of Job, it must have been exhausted this night.

I had devoted the whole evening to you, resolved to evince my gratitude for your kindness, by endeavouring to amuse you: But the devil, as envious of a correspondence which employs those hours that might otherwise be spent in his service, has haunted me since tea, with two spiteful fiends in the shape of fine Ladies, who have exhausted the whole court-calendar of scandal, stunned me with noise, and hardly left me in possession of a single idea, but what relates to flowers, flounces, and feathers. Indeed the outside frippery of their heads, seems an exact epitome of the furniture within. Heavens! what a purgatory must it be, to pass one's life in such company!

I flew to my harpsichord the moment they were gone, but my soul was out of tune; for although reading and music are now become my chief amusements, one requires to be in better temper than I was mistress of, to relish either.

Since my last, I have passed some days most agreeably with our friends at Michem.

They

They inhabit the very house that Sir Walter Raleigh inhabited, before his relish of life was embittered by the severity of Elizabeth, whom he had served with fidelity, and the perfidy of court friends, who envied his glory, and triumphed in his ruin.

Is there not something elevating to the mind, in contemplating the scenes of great actions, and visiting the residences of great men? For my part, I felt an inch taller to-day, on passing Runny-Mede\*; and tasted a sublime melancholy, in viewing, at Battersea, the desolate mansion,

Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat, and thought.

We were accompanied to Hampton-Court, by your acquaintance Mr. Carey and his family: It was diverting to see their different characters displayed in the several objects of their admiration. The noble mirrors attracted Mrs. Carey's attention; and the tarnished gold and silver-tissue furniture, excited the astonishment of Miss. The young Squire thought it incumbent 'to have a taste,' and affecting the virtuoso, pronounced on the merits of the several pictures, in a manner that delighted himself, and scandalized all the company: Whilst I, with looks of pleased self-impor-

\* Where Magna Charta was obtained from King John by the Barons.

tance, asked our guide (or rather master of ceremonies, who had all the politeness of a courtier of sixty), 'whether such a countenance was not thought uncommonly expressive; such an attitude stiff and ungraceful; such colouring, too high; and such a group, finely disposed?'

The old gentleman looked at me with attention, and told me 'he supposed I had been abroad.' I pardoned his mistake most readily, and answered, 'I was from Scotland.' The Scotch, Madam, have always been celebrated for literature, and love of the fine arts.'—'Few English, like you, Sir,' replied I with a low curtsy, 'are so just as to allow them their due praise; but liberality of sentiment ever accompanies superior judgment.'—The old courtier bowed profoundly, and we parted in high good humour with ourselves and each other.

It is, methinks, by such little complacencies as these, which cherish benevolence, without doing violence to ingenuity, that we should mutually sweeten the cup of life, instead of mingling it with the sourness of spleen, or bitterness of contempt.

In the evening, we had a delightful sail to Twickenham, the scene which gave birth to the finest poems, and afforded a retreat to one of the most distinguished authors our nation has yet produced. I no longer wonder,

der, however, that rural subjects were so seldom the themes of this admirable poet. It is amidst the sequestered haunts of simple nature, we are to look for those compositions, of which a display of the tender passions makes a chief and interesting part. The banks of the Thames were suited to the *Essays of Pope*, for there he could study mankind : But those of the *Sylvan Tweed*, accord far better with the *Seasons of Thomson*, since, to paint men such as he wished, it was necessary sometimes to forget what they are.

In the gardens, there is a monument of Pope's filial piety, which pleased me greatly. It is an obelisk in a grove of trees, with an inscription in Latin to this effect :

‘ Ah ! Editha ! best of mothers—most affectionate of women, farewell !’

The language of nature is ever pathetic. That of my heart, is, that I love you entirely ; and wish to repay your maternal care, by daily becoming more worthy of your affection.

LUCY HERBERT.



## L E T T E R XVIII.

*Mrs. Helen-Maria Stanley to Miss Lucy Herbert.*

Stanley-Farm.

I CONFESS, my Lucy, it gives me peculiar pleasure to learn that reading and music are now become your favourite amusements.

I am convinced, that as we advance in the journey of life, and objects of sense lose with their novelty, the power of pleasing, it behoves us to cultivate a taste for social, rational, and intellectual pleasures; lest finding nothing in this world to hope or enjoy, we grow impatient under the burden of life, and weary of the way.

I went this morning to visit an old Lady, who, from dislike of that circumstance, is out of humour with herself and the whole world. She is ever contrasting her present retired—or as she terms it, neglected and forlorn situation, with those happy times when youth and beauty drew around her a circle of admirers. These times are gone: And having neglected to cultivate those virtues proper to create respect, she finds nothing to supply that empty adulation which formerly constituted her enjoyment.

It

It requires a peculiar strength of mind to grow old with a good grace, especially after having been an object of admiration; and this art, like all others, to be perfect, must be acquired in youth.

To cherish the desolating thought of our own insignificance, is to be miserable. We never can become entirely so, but by our own fault: And however self-love may clothe this complaint in the garb of humility, it usually springs from the two most bitter roots of human corruption, pride and discontent.

I hear that a much celebrated philosopher is just quitting life; and though he betrays no concern about the fate of his soul, whose future existence he has ever professed to disbelieve, he is extremely anxious about his literary fame, which he fears may be injured by some of his contemporary writers.—Had I been present when he expressed these fears, I would have repeated to him the words of Marcus Antoninus, who, being a heathen, would have commanded some attention.

‘Those who pursue a surviving fame, do not consider that posterity will be just such as our contemporaries, whose manners we scarcely can bear; and that they too will be mortal.’

Perhaps my dear girl imagines that the *fine* Lady is a species of women only to be found.

found in London? You are mistaken; I had a visit this morning from as fine a Lady as ever glittered as St. James's. The flighty nothingness of her conversation, was truly diverting: Fortunately she took it all upon herself; for your grave old aunt was not able to keep pace with her sudden transitions from grief to joy, and joy to grief; nor could I tenderly sympathize in her various disappointments, occasioned by drunken drivers, insolent footmen, extravagant cooks, and awkward chamber-maids. In former times, I might have been mortified by being obliged to maintain so long a silence: But I was satisfied, that, by listening to her foolish grievances, I afforded my guest more satisfaction than I possibly could have done by haranguing to her with the eloquence of a Cicero.

I do not wonder that you covet patience especially in a scene where it is so frequently required.—Humility, too, my Lucy, ought ever to be its attendant. Pride swells the mind, as wind does the boat with the appearance of health, but brings no nourishment to the springs of life. Humility is like the dew of Heaven, which falls unperceived on the tender plants, nourishes them till they attain to their most perfection.

How various are the tastes of the human race! and how uncandid are we in

der

demning those which do not accord with our own! Often since I have enjoyed the pleasure of uninterrupted quiet, I have been tempted to think half the world lunatic: And yet, did not Providence wisely diversify the pursuits of mankind, what endless competitions, what destructive quarrels, would continually disturb the peace and order of society!

After having judged, by your own experience, my Lucy, of the short-lived pleasures arising from a life of fashionable amusement, I trust you will be better qualified for partaking in those sober ones which retirement supplies to

Your old, but not ill-natured aunt,

HELEN-MARIA STANLEY.

## L E T T E R XIX.

*Miss Greville to Miss Herbert.*

Harwood.

I HAVE practised no small degree of self-denial, Maria, in so long forbearing to address you; but the blank occasioned here by your absence, has thrown a gloom over my mind which I cannot shake off. My hours are become tedious, my amusements insipid; and I wander through the  
delightful

delightful shades of Harwood without perceiving their beauty, or being soothed to peace by their silence and solitude.

I confess that it seems ungenerous in your friend, to repine at an event that gives satisfaction to all connected with your worthy father. His late appointment is indeed highly advantageous to the interests of his family; but, in excuse for my selfish regrets, allow me to express my fears, that after being accustomed in the country to fine air, exercise, and a regular mode of living, the health of my dearest friend may be endangered by the necessity she will be under (from Sir William's public character) of complying with fashionable hours, and fashionable manners, however unnatural and disagreeable.

That best of fathers, too, must, at his advanced years, suffer much inconvenience from that close attention to business which his important office demands. His life is too valuable to be sacrificed, either to views of private emolument, or public advantage: But, is it thus I shall merit forgiveness, by committing new offences against friendship? and, instead of arming my gentle Maria with the courage requisite for engaging at nineteen, in the cares of a family, and hurry of public life, to alarm her already too apprehensive mind, with fancied dangers, and possible evils?—

Pardon

**P**ardon a conduct so unworthy of your friend. Whatever situation Providence allots us, is undoubtedly best calculated for our usefulness in this short life, as well as our preparation for that which shall know no period.

We are all prone, Maria, to forget the nature of our present state, and the purpose for which it was appointed. Instead of training our minds to a chearful acquiescence in the determinations of Infinite Wisdom, we are continually laying schemes for imaginary happiness, seeking rest amidst a scene of toil, and grasping at pleasure, which our blind excesses convert into pain. We spurn temperate enjoyments, which alone are suited to our nature and situation ; and by our vain efforts to obtain those that are exquisite, destroy that balance of the mind on which both its peace and safety depend.

Thus hath experience taught your Julia to reason ; but oh ! what experience will teach us aright to feel ?

Not even to you, the friend of my secret soul, have I yet unburdened all my woes. Those which we cannot remember without anguish, we hope to banish by silence. Vain expectation ! Every moment of quiet, they claim as their own ; and the restraint we impose on ourselves, only leaves Memory more leisure to collect a multitude

multitude of dismal reflections (which the various occupations of life had a while dissipated) to overwhelm the mind with redoubled violence.

You have seen me struggling to support one loved parent, under the affliction occasioned by the unkind neglect and extravagance of another. You have witnessed the care with which I have laboured to conceal my father's misconduct from the world; and beheld me turning away my eyes from faults too apparent to escape either the observation or blame of others.

But, ah Maria! you have not known, that amidst such accumulated sorrows, one wound more deep, more painful than all the rest, rankled unseen in the inmost recesses of my heart, and poisoned every enjoyment. For human frailties we can find a thousand excuses, especially when duty aids compassion, in throwing a veil over them: But alas! what charity can excuse, what veil conceal, what sympathy relieve, the heart-piercing wounds of treachery and ingratitude?—Fain would I lay open these wounds to my friend; but the shame of having been deceived—of having imposed on myself—of foolishly believing the hearts of others as sincere as my own—Oh Maria! how mortifying is the confession of an error of which either vanity or credulity is the source! how poignant the anguish

guish inflicted by deceit! how lasting the regrets it occasions!—One day, perhaps, my friend will know all:—one day I may find courage;—at present, I must drop my pen, and give vent to those sorrows for which alone I ought to blush.—Farewell, dearest Maria! Never—oh! never—may anguish like mine destroy the peace of my amiable friend!

JULIA GREVILLE.

## LETTER XX.

*Miss Herbert to Miss Greville.*

London.

YOUR melancholy letter afflicted, but did not surprise me. During my last visit at Harwood, I remarked with pain, the extreme depression of your spirits;—a depression, for which even your domestic inquietudes could not account. However afflicting those sorrows may be, which have nothing of tenderness connected with them, custom brings the mind to be so far reconciled to them, as to bear them with patience and submission; and as we naturally incline to fly from what is disagreeable, we seek in absence, business or amusement, to bury the remembrance of misfortunes,  
which



which are at once bitter and irremediable. —Not so the tender sorrows of the heart. On these we dwell delighted: these we cherish with jealous care; nor can we be brought to abandon them, for all that the world calls pleasure.

Though delicacy has hitherto prevented every enquiry, you, who know the ardour of my attachment, cannot wonder that my curiosity should be excited, by observing your deep and settled melancholy; but many other circumstances concurred to awaken it, and confirm my suspicion, that your confidence in me was not unbounded.

Of this, however, I had no right to complain: that with which you honoured me, was far superior to my desert; and, even in friendship, there may be cases where concealment becomes a virtue.—The first thing that roused my attention, was an occurrence very trifling in itself, but consequently more striking, from the effect it had on you.

We were walking together in the garden. On entering a little arbour near the side of the river, you left me to go in search of a linnet's nest you had discovered there the preceding evening. I rose to follow you, when observing, at a small distance, a beautiful young laurel inclosed with a hedge of thorn, I stopped to pull a sprig of it, which, soon after, without thinking, I threw into  
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the water. The moment you perceived this, you changed colour; and reaching across the river, with some risk, by the help of a branch from a neighbouring tree, recovered the sprig, which you put in your bosom, repeating, with a low voice, and a deep sigh, 'Alas! ill-fated emblem.' All this, you imagined, had passed unregarded, as I was returning towards the arbour. I presently joined you, but took no notice of what I had observed,

As soon as we entered the parlour, your father, who was reading the newspapers, aloud to your mother, stopped to ask her whether Lord Cleveland's youngest son did not belong to one of the regiments engaged at the siege of Charles-town? On her answering in the affirmative, you turned pale as death, and instantly quitted the room. But your father continuing to read the account of the siege, no one except myself, paid any attention to what had passed.

I frequently observed that you watched the arrival of the newspapers, and eagerly glanced them over at a window, when I alone was in the parlour; but always shunned being present when they were read aloud: That you never asked any questions concerning affairs in America, and seemed quite uneasy and apprehensive when they became the subject of conversation. But what struck me most, was your beha-

viour one morning, when a Gentleman having mentioned that several regiments were ordered home, you seemed to forget that any one was present, and eagerly exclaimed, ' Good Heavens! can Lord M—s be of that number?' Then observing your father's eye suddenly turned towards you, I saw you overwhelmed with confusion, which was visibly increased by his answering in the affirmative.

Such, my Julia, are the circumstances to which I referred, and you may imagine what are the conjectures to which they unavoidably lead. Were I not invited by the conclusion of your letter, to demand that share of your secret griefs to which the most faithful amity entitles me, far rather would I be denied the delightful pleasure of alleviating them by my sympathy, that renew or increase their violence, by leading you to the mournful repetition. But I will hope, that, by dividing, you will lessen the burden of your sorrows. Haste, then, beloved friend of my heart, and pour them into that compassionate bosom, which will hold most sacred the precious deposit; which will conceal from an unfeeling world, those sentiments the sons of Interest deem romance, and the votaries of Pleasure enthusiasm; but which the uncorrupted children of Nature experience to be happiness. For, is there not ' a joy in grief,

is when

‘when peace dwells in the soul of the mourner?’—a joy more exquisite, more refined, more ennobling, than all that Luxury can invent, or Fortune bestow? There is, my Julia: And by laying open your heart to me without reserve, you will bestow that joy on your faithful sympathizing friend,

MARIA HERBERT.

## LETTER XXI.

*Miss Greville to Miss Herbert.*

Harwood.

YES, Maria! memory, ever kind and faithful, has treasured up every dear remembrance connected with the secret of my heart. Yes, I recollect each circumstance you mention, though then unnoted by all as I imagined, except her whose love and grief rendered them important.

But, let me unfold the sad story with which they are connected. About three years ago, Lord Cleveland, whose fine seat, the Grove, is only a mile from hence, came with his family to reside there during the summer. My father, as his nearest neighbour waited on him soon after his arrival; and my Lord, with much politeness, re-

turned the visit immediately ; expressing at the same time, an obliging desire that the younger part of the two families should lay aside ceremony, and, like good neighbours, be much together. Nothing could have been more agreeable to my mother and me, than this kind intimation of his wishes : But, alas ! they were frustrated by one whose name it pains me to mention with disrespect.

The character of my father, and the licentious company with whom his house was constantly crouded, had undoubtedly prevented Lord Cleveland from cultivating any further acquaintance with him. Indeed he so plainly shunned it, that it put it out of my mother's power to introduce her daughter into a family, whose known worth, and amiable manners, promised her those advantages in the way of society, to which her birth entitled her ; but of which she was deprived by her unfortunate circumstances. Denied the comfort of domestic enjoyment, and unable always to support the affliction of a mother I fondly loved, I used frequently to amuse myself with riding round the neighbouring estates, which present an assemblage of natural beauties scarcely to be equalled in any part of this kingdom. Ever passionately fond of such scenes, when I met with any particularly *striking*, I used to alight, and sending the  
servant

servant and horses a little way before me, take my solitary ramble as fancy or chance directed, and indulge without restraint my melancholy reflections. One day when engaged in an excursion of this kind, my thoughts being wholly occupied by the distresses in which my father's misconduct was daily more and more involving us, my horse quitting the road, struck off into a path shaded with fine oaks, round which, eglantine, and other odoriferous shrubs, winded in great profusion, and enriched the air with the most delicious perfume. This circumstance led me to conjecture, that we were near the house of Lord Cleveland; but, on the servant assuring me that the Grove was at least a mile distant, and it being then very early, I continued my course through the wood. At the end of it, I found my progress interrupted by a river that appeared too deep to ford, but over which some planks were laid for the convenience of foot passengers. On the opposite side arose several ridges of rocks beautifully diversified, and towering one above another in the form of pyramids. The banks were covered with variety of trees, among which the glowing berries of the mountain-ash formed a charming contrast with the verdant leaves; and the whole scene wore an aspect so romantically wild, that I could not resist my desire to

take a nearer survey of it. Accordingly, having left the horses and servant, with some difficulty I made my way across the planks, and entered a narrow path, which could only admit one person at a time, and winded among the rocks and trees, till it landed me on a height, commanding one of the grandest prospects I ever beheld. I stopt to contemplate it: I was never weary of gazing; but I lost part of my enjoyment, by having no body to whom I could communicate the delightful emotions it excited. I thought myself in fairy-land; and the solitude around me gave a feeling of security to my mind, that made me insensibly indulge my meditations longer than usual. The want of a living companion, led me to apply to one of those silent delightful friends, with whom I was accustomed to travel. Recollecting, at that moment, that Thomson's Poem of the Seasons had been my study the preceding evening, I pulled it out of my pocket, and found there a lively description of the whole surrounding scenery.

Retiring into a hermitage in a more shaded part of the wood, which was covered with moss, and adorned with antic roots of trees, I sat down, and closing my book, resigned myself to 'the dream confused of 'careless solitude.' From this, however, *I was suddenly roused, by the appearance*  
of

of a Gentleman who came out from another part of the wood, and on seeing me, stood still, as if afraid of disturbing me. I started up in the greatest confusion; and, on recollecting the solitariness of the place, felt my surprise and agitation increased by my fear. I hastily turned back towards the narrow path, which I had some difficulty in finding; and the steepness of the descent added so much to the tremor which had seized me, that I was almost afraid to venture across the planks. I made the attempt however; but my head growing giddy before I reached the opposite side, my foot slipped, and I fell into the water.—The first thing I recollect, was waking as from a dream, and finding myself supported in the arms of a stranger, who gazed on me with an earnestness that exceedingly disconcerted me, and an astonishment at least equal to my own. I trembled so violently, that I could not attempt rising. He politely withdrew to a little distance, begged me to be composed, and entreated to know how he could be farther serviceable; expressed the most tender regret for the accident which he feared his intrusion had occasioned, and with that anxious curiosity which politeness restrained, but could not conquer, hinted his surprise at finding a person of my appearance, at so early an hour, without any attendant, in a place so *sequestered*.



I did not affect concealment ; but simply told him, that I had left home earlier than usual ; and, invited by the serenity of the morning, and the beauty of that spot where he first saw me, had been induced to trespass against good manners perhaps, by a mistake of my servant, who had assured me I was more than a mile from the Grove.

‘ The servant is right, Madam,’ replied Mr. Rivers, (for it was Lord Cleveland’s youngest son that now spoke to me); ‘ This place is seldom visited by any of the family, because of its distance from the house ; but for that very reason is my favourite haunt, when I incline to prefer my own thoughts to the conversation of others.’—After thanking Mr. Rivers for that humanity to which I was indebted for my preservation, I attempted to rise ; but had the mortification to feel that I had sprained my ankle so violently, that I could not put my foot to the ground without extreme pain. Mr. Rivers, in a tone of the kindest compassion, expressed his grief for the accident, and fears for my safety ; and after again seating me gently on the ground, begged permission to dispatch my servant for a carriage to the Grove, it being two miles nearer than Harwood.

To this I would by no means consent ; but being entirely disabled from riding, I ordered Robert to make as much haste  
home

home as possible, and, without alarming the family, to bring the coach for me. It now occurring to Mr. Rivers that the game-keeper's house stood at a little distance, he desired the servant to call there, and order the master of it to bring out a chair for me, without a moment's delay.

In vain did I remonstrate against giving so much trouble. The chair came; and Mr. Rivers prevailed on me, in spite of my reluctance, to allow him and honest William to convey me to his cottage. Having ordered his wife to make some proper application to my ankle, which was much swelled, and to persuade me to put on some dry cloaths, he retired into another apartment, and left me at leisure to recollect what had passed, and the strange accident which had brought us acquainted with each other.

After having satisfied the curiosity of the good woman with regard to my disaster, and been accommodated with what was necessary, I asked her if she knew the Gentleman who had just left us?—‘Know him, ‘Madam!’ replied she, ‘Aye, that I do; ‘and love him too, better than any body ‘in the world, except my husband. Why, ‘for that matter, Madam, if it had not ‘been for young Master, as I always calls ‘him, because I was his wet nurse, both ‘William and I, and all our children, ‘would

' would have been this blessed day with  
 ' a bit of bread to eat: for young L  
 ' Rivers is quite another sort of man,  
 ' wanted to have us all turned out,  
 ' his own servant made game-keep  
 ' whose pretty wife, they say, is no be  
 ' than she should be. Well, Ma'am,  
 ' was a going to tell your La'ship, he w  
 ' ed his own man made game-keeper, t  
 ' William has been on the grounds t  
 ' twenty years. But when I told the st  
 ' to young Master,—Nurse, says he, w  
 ' I live, you shall never want; and m  
 ' than that, says he, I will talk over  
 ' matter with my brother, and you r  
 ' not make yourself uneasy, says he.' F  
 Nurse was interrupted, in her narrative  
 the entrance of Mr. Rivers, whose  
 countenance, and elegant form, I was  
 at leisure to observe. Indeed they not  
 drew my attention, but excited my ac  
 ration; and increased that complac  
 which gratitude for his tender express  
 of concern inspired.

Fortunately it was not necessary to  
 prize my mother of the accident; for  
 the coach came without any person in  
 Mr. Rivers begged permission to attend  
 home; and even during that short space  
 time, discovered such a fund of good se  
 joined with such engaging modesty an  
 fability, that I forgot the pain occasio

by the accident, in the pleasure his conversation afforded me. On our arrival, having assisted in conveying me from the carriage to the parlour, he politely took his leave, requesting permission of my mother to call next morning, and enquire after my health.

Having given her a short account of the accident, we joined in encomiums on the young stranger, whose image from that hour took possession of the heart of your friend.—Ah Maria! how natural, in such a heart, is the transition from gratitude to admiration, and from admiration to love! How natural to admit without suspicion, sentiments which claim to be the genuine offspring of virtue, and which charm at once and elevate the soul!—But I will dispatch this letter, lest you should again become anxious on account of my health, which is better than might be expected. But, however that may vary, my friendship for you will, I trust, know no change.

Adieu! Your

JULIA GREVILLE.

L E T

## L E T T E R    XXII.

*Miss Greville to Miss Herbert.*

Harwood.

AS I doubt not that my friend's curiosity is sufficiently excited by my last letter, I will proceed with my narrative without further preamble.—Under the sanction of gratitude to a man who had saved my life at the risk of his own, I fearlessly indulged the first risings of that sweet, but delusive tenderness, which will for ever embitter my future days. O happy men! who, in bidding adieu to the object of their ever-changing affections, can shake off that feverish train of hopes and fears, which we, too fond and faithful, carry with us to the grave!

I arose next morning; when, the pain and swelling occasioned by my sprain being both abated, I found myself able to walk with a little assistance. For the first time in my life, I will confess to my friend, I spent near an hour at my toilette, making trial of such pieces of dress as I thought would be most becoming. My complexion was heightened by the glow of expectation; and the confusion into which I was thrown by every little noise, might have sufficiently explained to me the real state

my heart, had I been at pains to enquire.

At last Mr. Rivers was announced. He entered the room with a manner so graceful and dignified, that I felt abashed at his presence; and whilst he was paying his compliments to my father and mother, I could not help contrasting in my mind, the striking difference between his manner, and that of the licentious companions of my father, with whom, however reluctantly, I was often obliged to associate. He, too, though in a morning dress, appeared with all the advantages which a fine form receives from adventitious aids. He approached me with a look of mingled respect and solicitude; enquired anxiously about my health; sat down by me, and conversed with ease and vivacity on a variety of topics. Our mutual desire of pleasing, rendered us mutually agreeable. He continued till it was late; and when he took his leave, 'I hope, Madam,' said he, 'when you are so well as to go abroad again, you will permit me to have the honour of escorting you to some scenes in this neighbourhood, highly worthy the attention of one, whose just taste leads her to prefer the simple and sublime originals of Nature, to the puerile and insipid imitations of Art.' I bowed assent, and he bade us adieu.

For

For some time, he continued to visit Harwood every day, under pretence of enquiring after my health; and when that pretence no longer subsisted, he contrived a thousand errands, alike attentive and obliging. Sometimes he brought me fruit and flowers, of which he knew I was extremely fond; at others, such books as he thought would suit my taste. Whenever I rode out, he begged permission to attend me, and conduct me to a thousand beautiful romantic scenes, which were rendered doubly pleasing, by the exquisite pleasure he seemed to derive from the admiration they excited in me, and the artless praises I bestowed on them.—Ah Maria! how hallowed by memory is the scene! how endeared to the heart, the object which first awakens our sensibility! Till the moment we love, we scarce perceive that we exist. Days, months, and years, pass away unnoticed: Nature but half unfolds her charms to the careless eye, and but slightly touches the insensible heart: But the first impression of that elegant, tender, delightful passion, seems not only to arouse its dormant powers, but to reanimate all nature with a new soul. We no longer exist for ourselves; our pleasures, our pursuits, our very inquietudes, all refer to the object of our affections; and become exquisite, or otherwise, just in proportion as they

they are interesting to that beloved object.

This delightful intercourse was soon interrupted by my father, who, like many men of libertine principles and licentious lives, entertained the strictest notions with respect to the propriety of female conduct. He told me, that as it was evident Lord Cleveland shunned intimacy with him, he had too much pride to consent that his daughter should receive the visits of a man who would be taught to despise her father; and therefore required me, on pain of his displeasure, to avoid every occasion of seeing Mr. Rivers. This blow, my dear Maria! was alike cruel and unforeseen. I could not then divine the real motives which influenced my father to impose so arbitrary and unreasonable a command:—Alas! they became too soon apparent.

The behaviour of Mr. Rivers had served daily to confirm my opinion of the superior elegance both of his mind and manners. Wholly ignorant of the world and its maxims, I apprehended no danger from an intercourse such as ours, nor even imagined there could be any impropriety in continuing it. I substituted inclination in the place of prudence; and felt it impossible to condemn as improper, what constituted my whole enjoyment. Tho' nothing particular had yet passed between us, a thousand circumstances, too minute for  
repeti-



repetition, had convinced me, that to break off our present intimacy, would be as painful to him as to myself: I knew not on what pretence to do so. Besides, I felt, that though from a sense of duty I might submit to be unhappy myself, to see Rivers unhappy, would be altogether unsupportable.

The perplexity and irresolution into which my father's commands had thrown me, gave me such an air of dejection on my next interview with Mr. Rivers, that he immediately perceived it, and tenderly enquired the cause. This increased my embarrassment; and occasioned a restraint between us, that poisoned the delightful freedom with which we used to converse. At parting he stopt his horse, and said in a low voice, ' I fear to enquire the cause of your uneasiness, which I anxiously wish to share: I greatly fear, that I have done something to offend you; yet, Heaven is my witness! I would die sooner than give you pain.'

The servant was too near to admit of my making any reply, and I suffered him to retire with a simple adieu.

The inquietude I saw him suffer, now redoubled my own. No sorrow pierces so deep, as that which reaches ours, through the bosom of those we love: No anguish is so keen, as that of beholding them suffer on our account.

The

The next evening, I declined riding, as the only way to avoid meeting Mr. Rivers. The following day, he called; but was received so coldly by my father, that he made but a very short visit.—In the evening, a billet was brought me by his nurse, and fortunately delivered to me without witnesses.

*To Miss Greville.*

Grove.

‘ Two days ago I was the happiest of mankind, in the conversation and tender friendship of Miss Greville; what I have done to forfeit these blessings, I am entirely ignorant. I know you are incapable of harbouring unjust resentment; yet it is plain, both from the coldness of your’s and Mr. Greville’s manner, that something I am unable to divine has displeased you. I cannot exist in this painful suspense; and as I do not choose to intrude upon you again at Harwood, most earnestly entreat a few lines, to explain a mystery, which overwhelms with concern and inquietude,

‘ Your most respectful humble servant,

‘ GEORGE RIVERS.’

I was utterly at a loss what answer to make to this letter. I abhorred every species of art or duplicity; yet found it would be

be impossible to behave to Mr. Rivers in the manner my father required, without either wounding my pride, by a mortifying confession of the real cause of my conduct, or my ingenuity, by assigning a false one. To avoid both of these, I confined my reply to a note, which contained only these few words :—

‘ MR. RIVERS can never suppose his friends capable of such injustice, as to be offended with him without a cause; and his own heart will acquit him of any intention to offend. Be assured, Sir, with respect to you, esteem and gratitude are the sentiments which shall always possess your obliged

‘ JULIA GREVILLE.’

Next morning, I was met as usual by Mr. Rivers, about a mile from Harwood. The presence of our attendants prevented the possibility of any particular conversation; but my dejection being still visible, Mr. Rivers pressed so earnestly to know the cause, that I was obliged to promise him the satisfaction he required, whenever a convenient opportunity should offer. He eagerly laid hold of this promise; and urged me, in the most earnest manner, to meet him that evening at the bottom of the garden, from whence the house was divided by a thick grove. I felt the utmost reluc-

tan

tance to comply with this proposal, from the clandestine appearance it assumed. But, reflecting that this was the only way I could hope to converse with Mr. Rivers, without fear of censure or interruption, and grieved to think of the ungrateful and capricious light in which my conduct must appear to him, I at length agreed to an interview, the imprudence of which nothing could excuse. I felt all that uneasy irresolution, which accompanies, in an ingenuous mind, every doubtful action. I often determined to open my heart to the most affectionate of mothers, and ask her advice with regard to my conduct; but was withheld by the fear that it might not coincide with my wishes; or if it did, that it would subject her to the resentment of my father. The evening being arrived, I set out at the appointed hour, with a heavy and anxious heart.—The first step towards error, is ever the most difficult: It is attended with a timidity and consciousness inexpressibly painful, which are soon conquered by habit. Heaven itself seems to place obstacles in our way, to check us in the very beginning of our career of folly; and oblige us to stop, to reflect, to return. But, headstrong and imperious, if we scorn these restraints, and persevere in surmounting these obstacles, they insensibly diminish; the path of  
ruin

ruin becomes smooth before us, and soon terminates in hopeless destruction.

The train of melancholy reflections which crowd to my mind, obliges me to lay down my pen. I will soon resume it.—Mean time, let me thank my generous friend, for the lively interest she takes in all my concerns; and assure her, that her's will ever engage the warmest, best wishes of her

JULIA GREVILLE.

## L E T T E R XXIII.

*Miss Greville to Miss Herbert.*

Harwood.

I NEEDED not the assurances conveyed in your last, of your tender anxiety on my account, and your impatience for the rest of my narrative, which I shall now resume.

The advice of parents, my dear Maria! ought ever to be held sacred. I certainly did wrong to encourage an intimacy with Mr. Rivers, after my father's express prohibition. Had I observed it, I should have escaped many a heart-ach, which my imprudence and disobedience have since occasioned.—Mr. Rivers was waiting for me in the little alcove at the extremity of the

the garden. He flew to meet me, with looks of unaffected joy; and taking my hand, which he pressed to his lips, 'Permit me, my dearest Miss Greville,' said he, 'to express some part of the lively gratitude I feel for this condescending goodness. I really felt life a burden, under the weight of your displeasure; but I flatter myself, if I have offended, I read my pardon in these mild forgiving eyes.'

I will not pretend to repeat all that passed at this interesting meeting. Suffice it to say, that finding it impossible longer to conceal the real cause of my uneasiness, which my father's imprudence already led him to suspect, he spared me the painful relation of my inquietudes, by shewing me that they were already known to him; and by the most insinuating tenderness and sympathy, lessened the bitterness of those sorrows, which he stole insensibly from my heart, while expressing the generous compassion of his own.

A friend to share in my affliction, was a blessing hitherto denied me; forced to conceal my own, for fear of adding to my mother's distress, the relief I felt from communicating that which preyed on my soul, was inexpressible. It seemed to me, as if Heaven, in compassion for my sufferings, and in approbation of my patient submission to them, had sent Rivers, like some messenger.

messenger of peace, to console and support me. In his good sense, and agreeable conversation, I found such resources as often led me for a while to forget my distresses. And when they returned with redoubled violence, they only served to impel me to the asylum I found in his tender friendship.

To the lively compassion my distress awakened in the bosom of Rivers, he attributed the still more delightful, more animated tenderness he felt for me; while gratitude on my part, combined with admiration, to secure him the entire possession of my heart, long before I suspected he had made any impression on it. Without enquiring into the nature of those sentiments which possessed our whole souls we enjoyed that delicious and refined pleasure, which flows from the mingled emotions of love, esteem, and sympathy.

Our ignorance of the real state of our own hearts preserved us free from apprehension and inquietude; whilst the secrecy we were obliged to observe, gave a poignant relish to this tender intercourse. It was soon interrupted, however, in a manner that put a period to that, and all my hopes of earthly happiness.

One day having met me as usual on horseback, without any attendant of his own, he begged permission to send my servant a message to ——— a town about *three miles distant*; and telling him the

he would take care to convey Miss Greville to Harwood, desired him to deliver the answer to me on his return. I easily saw this was only a pretence to get rid of the servant; but I did not disapprove of a conduct, which my wishes might have suggested, but which I never should have had courage to propose, though my heart sickened for an opportunity of unburdening its griefs to my kind sympathizing friend.

Several late excesses of my father, had so greatly involved his affairs, and ruined his temper, that our domestic comfort was utterly destroyed. My spirits that day were unusually depressed; and I felt so weak and languid, from distress of mind, and want of rest, that I could hardly sit upright.— Mr. Rivers perceived my extreme lassitude; and upon reaching the path that struck into the wood where we had first met, entreated me to dismount, and suffer him to lead our horses till we should reach the side of the river; where the freshness of the air would revive me, and where I might rest a while, till I should feel myself somewhat recruited. I did so, and having tied our horses to a tree, we sat down on the very spot, where his humanity rescued me from the fate which threatened to overwhelm me.

My excessive dejection awakened in his bosom the most affecting sympathy. Com-  
passion



passion is ever soothing; but in a state of mind so depressing and hopeless as I then experienced, it becomes peculiarly refreshing and delightful to the soul. The tenderness of his expressions, dissolved mine in a sweet and mournful gratitude. I silently contrasted the gentleness of his manner, with the harshness with which I was usually treated by him, whom Nature designed my friend and protector, as well as parent.

My tears flowed, in spite of every effort to restrain them; and the exertions I made for that purpose, only added force to the sighs which burst from my afflicted bosom.

Mr. Rivers beheld me with emotions almost too painful to be supported. He respectfully took my hand, which he pressed to his breast; he soothed, he remonstrated, he consoled me. ‘Dearest Miss Greville,’ said he, ‘restrain, I conjure you, this excessive sorrow, which will destroy your tender frame, unless you would make him completely miserable, who would die to make you happy.—Ah! why, why,’ continued he passionately, ‘was I permitted by Heaven to save a life a thousand times more dear, more valuable than my own, unless permitted also, by devoting every future hour of mine, to her whose affection can alone endear it?’—Here he paused as if unable to proceed.—‘Indeed,’ interrupted I, ‘I could almost regret that  
‘huma-

'humanity, which prolonged my life, only  
'to prolong my wretchedness.'—'Oh say  
'not so!' replied he; 'is it possible you  
'can thus repay the most tender friend-  
'ship, the most ardent passion that ever  
'warmed a human breast?—Pardon this  
'confession, loveliest of women!—the  
'place, the circumstances have forced it  
'from me. Let it not offend my Julia,'  
continued he, raising his fine eyes to my  
face, which was covered with blushes, 'if  
'the friend she has honoured with her  
'esteem and confidence, aspire to share in  
'the tenderest affections of the dearest,  
'gentlest, best of hearts!'

My silence and confusion left no room  
for Mr. Rivers to doubt of the reception  
this declaration met with. Not contented,  
however, with a silent assent, he contrived  
to draw from me, before we parted, a con-  
fession of that mutual tenderness which had  
long possessed my heart. As several coun-  
try people passed by, he had prevailed on  
me, during our interesting conversation, to  
cross the river, and retire into the Hermi-  
tage, to avoid the possibility of being ob-  
served; and at the very moment when  
transported with my hesitating and half-  
pronounced confession, he seized my hand,  
which he eagerly kissed, a favourite dog of  
Lord Cleveland's came running through  
the wood, and the next moment the Earl

himself appeared in view. He stopt, on seeing us. Shame and surprise, added to the perturbation of my mind during our whole conversation, so entirely overcame my weak spirits, that I remained for some moments like one stupified. Lord Cleveland approached, and kindly assisted his son in recovering me. When my recollection returned, I felt my confusion increased by the earnestness and astonishment with which he seemed to survey me; but utterly unable to frame any excuse for my present situation, and abhorring the meanness of an attempt to dissemble, I remained silent, confounded, and abashed.

Mr. Rivers having informed his father of my name, the Earl politely, though coldly; made offer of his coach to convey me home. I thanked him; but added, I believed I should now be able to mount my own horse, which waited for me. He retired, and left me to the care of his son.

How shall I attempt to express to my friend, the violent and distracting passions that now overwhelmed me? Not all the tender eloquence of Rivers could sooth or alleviate them.—In judging of our own actions, we seldom consider the light in which they will appear to those who are ignorant of the motives that gave them birth, and circumstances that determine their nature. Partiality and self-love suggest a  
thousand

thousand excuses for those we reckon doubtful, and which the world, viewing with the cool eye of reason, hesitates not to pronounce culpable. To be seen by Lord Cleveland in this sequestered spot, without attendant or companion but his son, whose manner, at the moment he discovered us, too plainly betrayed the nature of those sentiments which it was impossible now to attempt concealing; and of which we dared not to hope his approbation;—our mutual silence and confusion,—my father's licentious principles, and ruined fortune,—the company with whom I was accustomed to converse,—all, all must convince Lord Cleveland, that I was an artful designing girl, who was scheming to draw his son into a clandestine and ruinous connection.

Such were the mortifying ideas that took possession of my mind: the more painful and insupportable, because of that very ingenuity of which I was probably believed incapable, at the very time I was secretly resolving, that the rectitude of my future conduct should justify to the world, the preference with which Rivers had honoured me. I hesitated not about communicating my apprehensions to him. He strove to make me easy, by assuring me, that there was nothing so very particular in the circumstance of our being seen together at the

Hermitage, as our own conscience made us believe. 'If, however,' continued he, 'my father should suspect the nature of our attachment, I will make no hesitation to avow mine; and endeavour to procure his approbation of those sentiments, which not even his displeasure shall tempt me to renounce.'

The depression of my spirits was too great, to admit of continuing this affecting conversation. I proposed returning home; and just as we left the wood, we observed his nurse crossing the road with her milk-pail, who seeing me look faint and exhausted, begged me to step in, and take a little refreshment; at that instant a heavy shower of rain falling, I had no choice left. Mr. Rivers joined his entreaties to her's. I consented; but was not a little disconcerted by the innocent simplicity of my kind hostess.

After reminding me of the accident which first brought me to her cottage, she added, 'I warrant your La'ship and young

Master are better acquainted now? But, lack-a-day! you look so pale and sorrowful, one would think you had fallen into the river again. Heaven bless you both! you are both so good, and so handsome, that I doubt not I shall see a wedding at the Grove before it be long.'

Mr. Rivers, who saw my confusion, endeavoured to relieve it, by asking nurse  
after

er his little god-son. The child was brought, and, with much good nature, Mr. Rivers re-echoed the praises bestowed on it by its happy mother. After thanking her for her kind hospitality, the rain ceasing, bade her adieu, and prepared to return home.

The servant rejoining us at a small distance from Harwood, we parted; Mr. Rivers promising to meet me in the evening, and inform me of what should pass between him and the Earl.

Never had I before experienced such a restless and disturbed state of mind. Doubt, of the propriety of the part I had acted, more irresolute than ever with respect to what I ought to pursue, my thoughts were in confusion. When the path of duty is clearly marked out, we can exert all our resolution, and follow it with whatever difficulties it may be attended: But when uncertain which way to turn, the suspense in which reason is held, becomes altogether distracting.

Though disposed to listen to the dictates of inclination, in continuing my intimacy with Mr. Rivers, I resolved never to violate the sense of honour, by entering into any engagement with him, without the sanction of those who have a right to direct us in the most important action of our lives.

*My parents had gone to pay a visit during my absence, and not returning till late,*

I was left at liberty to indulge, without interruption, the train of gloomy reflections, to which, as by some secret presentiment of my approaching misfortunes, my mind now gave unbounded scope.

The evening arrived; we met: but how great was my surprise to learn, that though Lord Cleveland had dined at home, and there was ~~no~~ company present, he had taken no notice to his son of what had passed in the morning!

With the ardour natural to youth, and the hope allied to love, we ventured to draw the most flattering presages from this silence; and, because the obstacles to our wishes were a while obscured by our passion, rashly concluded that they no longer existed.

The two following days, we were prevented from meeting, by the arrival of company at the Grove; and on the evening of the third, being told that a country woman desired to speak with me, I stepped down stairs, where I found nurse, who delivered me the following billet, and presently retired.

‘Come to me this moment, my beloved  
‘Julia! I wait for you at the Alcove.’

I entered the garden with trembling steps: I saw Rivers; but Gracious Heaven! how changed! Instead of flying to meet me, he stood still at my approach;  
a pale-

a paleness like that of death, overspread his countenance, and his eyes were rivetted to the ground. After a few moments of mournful and distracting silence, he grasped my hand. ‘O Julia! loveliest, best of women!’ said he, ‘why cannot I be unhappy alone? why must my hard destiny involve in my affliction, that heart whose peace is dearer, far dearer than my own? Why did my rash tongue betray that ardent, that enthusiastic passion, which prudence, generosity, may love itself, should have induced me to confine within my own bosom? Oh Heaven!’ Continued he, fixing his mournful eyes on me, with a look which pierced my soul, which I shall never, never forget, ‘I have ruined the peace of her I love!’

I was so greatly affected with this pathetic discourse, that I had not courage for some time to demand an explanation of it. At length I recovered composure enough to beg he would relieve me from a suspense a thousand times more intolerable than the most fatal intelligence.

Unable to speak, he took a letter from his pocket, which he desired me to read; it was from his father, and contained these words:

‘My dear George,

‘I know you are incapable of a base or dishonourable action; yet the situation in which



to my apartment—take out your picture—contemplate it with melancholy pleasure—teach it to speak the language of my wishes—whilst my heart replies to it with grateful glowing affection.—Nor is this ideal intercourse barren either of delight or improvement. It is impossible to think of your attachment, without gratitude to Heaven; or of your amiable virtues, without wishing to resemble you.

What can I say to you, on the most painful, the most delicate of all subjects? Nothing is so distressing to me, as the reflection that you are denied the presence of a friend, to support you under the cruel sufferings inflicted by him whom Nature intended your earliest and surest friend.—Most loved of the human race! let not your heart sink under the severe mortification occasioned by this circumstance.—Though others prove unjust to your merit, and indifferent to your happiness, think, O think of the esteem, the love, the admiration of him, to whom yours is, and ever will be, dearer than the utmost energy of language can express; and whose existence, as well as happiness, is wrapped up in yours!—Cherish, for both our sakes, I conjure you, those presentiments which mitigate the severity of separation. Ah, Julia! why should we ever be separated?

*I stepped into a cottage this morning, to shun a violent shower; there I found two*  
decent

‘ Fortune, I know you too well to believe  
 ‘ that you would wish to purchase a much  
 ‘ larger one, at such a price.

‘ On yourself, therefore, must be your  
 ‘ future dependence; and your choice of  
 ‘ the army seems to have been peculiarly  
 ‘ fortunate, as my old friend Lord M——  
 ‘ is just setting off to join the regiment, in  
 ‘ order to embark for America. He has  
 ‘ presented you with a commission, and ge-  
 ‘ nerously promised to use his whole inter-  
 ‘ est in your behalf.

‘ As the troops embark next week, it  
 ‘ will be necessary for you to set out to-  
 ‘ morrow morning with his Lordship, in  
 ‘ order to have yourself properly equipt at  
 ‘ London.

‘ Your chearful compliance with this  
 ‘ plan, will give pleasure to your affec-  
 ‘ tionate father,

‘ CLEVELAND.’

‘ You, Maria! will better imagine than I  
 ‘ can describe, the feelings occasioned by this  
 ‘ letter. We gave way to the violence of  
 ‘ our emotions, without restraint. Having  
 ‘ indulged them till we were both ashamed,  
 ‘ I rose; and with all the fortitude and com-  
 ‘ posure I could command, ‘ Rivers!’ said I,  
 ‘ the surest way to happiness, is to deserve  
 ‘ being happy. Go,’ continued I, ‘ go  
 ‘ and obey the dictates of honour and

‘ of duty. Secure in my esteem—my unalterable affection—let us hope that a time may yet arrive, when Heaven will reward our present sacrifice, and bless me with power to make you truly blest.’

He gazed on me for some moments with delight and astonishment; and clasping me to his bosom, ‘ Most noble, most angelic of women!’ cried he, ‘ may Heaven no longer preserve my life, than whilst it is sustained by that dear delightful hope!’

As the evening was far spent, we were forced to part. After mutual vows of inviolable fidelity, and mutual promises of constant correspondence, Rivers taking a sprig of laurel from a neighbouring tree, placed it on the ground, at the spot where you saw it growing. ‘ Julia!’ said he, ‘ let this remind you of your absent Rivers—Cherish it with care, my gentlest Love—it shall either crown him with honour, or be scattered on his grave.’

This solemn sentence uttered, he fixed his eyes on me, with a look of unutterable tenderness; then clasping his hands, and raising them to Heaven, ‘ Powerful Protector of virtue and innocence!’ cried he, ‘ preserve this thy choicest blessing from danger!—Restore us to happiness and each other, or let us meet no more!’

Again he gazed on me with fond affection: again supplicated Heaven to bless me:

me : again pressed me to his throbbing bosom ; and at length, with a faltering voice, pronounced the last, lingering, cruel FAREWELL !

He left the Grove next morning, but wrote to me by every opportunity. So far from abating the ardour of his affection during the first year of his absence, time seemed to encrease both his love and his hope : His letters were my sole support under the burden of my domestic inquietudes, which were aggravated by the addresses of Mr. Melvill, a cousin of my own, and a man of considerable fortune. Upon my positively rejecting this match, my father treated me with redoubled severity, and threw out some suspicions with regard to my attachment to Rivers, that greatly alarmed me. But as he did not question me on the subject, I was happily relieved from the cruel necessity of practising that dissimulation, which was utterly repugnant to my nature ; and which the best of mothers had early taught me to shun, as the first fatal step that leads directly from error to vice.

The noble ingenuity, and sensibility of heart, by which Mr. Rivers was distinguished, induced me to lay open mine to him, without reserve. His letters, of which I shall inclose a few, displayed at once the elegance

elegance of his mind, and the ardour of his affection. But, ah, Maria! to whom ought we to confide our peace, on whom depend for happiness, in a world full of deceit and ingratitude; and where nothing is certain, but perpetual vicissitude?

Two years, two lingering joyless years have elapsed, without bringing me a single letter; notwithstanding my having repeatedly written, requesting, in the most earnest manner, to know the cause of this killing neglect. Alas, Maria! there can be none, except that levity and inconstancy inherent in his sex, of which we are assured, from our earliest infancy; but which we reject, like other unpleasing truths, till we are forced to assent to them by painful experience.

I have learned, by different accidents, that Lord Cleveland receives letters from his son by every opportunity; that he is universally beloved; and, on account of his gallant behaviour at the siege of Charlestown, has been advanced to the rank of Colonel.

In vain has my fond heart framed a thousand excuses for his negligence: that heart can no longer deceive me. The veil is withdrawn, with which passion too long hoodwinked my reason. I see—I feel—his indifference—his contempt!—Ah! would to Heaven I could return it! Unjust Ri-  
vers!

vers ! what have I done to deserve it ? Is it possible thou canst hate me, for loving thee ; despise me, for confiding in thee ; betray me, for believing thee ?—Help me, Maria ! help me to subdue this rebellious heart. Bring my pride—my reason—my injured love to my aid ; and if they cannot restore my lost happiness, O teach them to restore my peace ! Peace is all my soul aspires after, in this transitory, changeable, unsatisfying world. Alas ! I fear, I greatly fear, it will for ever be a stranger to the wounded bosom of your affectionate, but much afflicted friend,

JULIA GREVILLE.

*Letters inclosed in the preceding.*

## L E T T E R I.

*Mr. Rivers to Miss Greville.*

I HAVE been absent from you only three days ; yet, ah Julia ! after so constant, so delightful an intercourse, how tedious, how joyless have they proved ! You have never been absent from my thoughts. I meet you in every moment of retirement : I fancy I see you strolling down the honeysuckle walk, to wait for me at the accustomed hour in the Alcove. When the clock strikes seven, my heart sickens with recollection of the delightful past. I retire

to

to my apartment—take out your picture—contemplate it with melancholy pleasure—teach it to speak the language of my wishes—whilst my heart replies to it with grateful glowing affection.—Nor is this ideal intercourse barren either of delight or improvement. It is impossible to think of your attachment, without gratitude to Heaven; or of your amiable virtues, without wishing to resemble you.

What can I say to you, on the most painful, the most delicate of all subjects? Nothing is so distressing to me, as the reflection that you are denied the presence of a friend, to support you under the cruel sufferings inflicted by him whom Nature intended your earliest and surest friend.—Most loved of the human race! let not your heart sink under the severe mortification occasioned by this circumstance.—Though others prove unjust to your merit, and indifferent to your happiness, think, O think of the esteem, the love, the admiration of him, to whom yours is, and ever will be, dearer than the utmost energy of language can express; and whose existence, as well as happiness, is wrapped up in yours!—Cherish, for both our sakes, I conjure you, those presentiments which mitigate the severity of separation. Ah, Julia! why should we ever be separated?

*I stepped into a cottage this morning, to shun a violent shower; there I found two*  
decent

decent looking peasants seated at their homely meal, and surrounded by eight smiling countenances, in which pleasure, peace, and plenty, were written in legible characters. At sight of this happy group, I could not help sighing to myself. 'Why should I leave my Julia, when so little can I satisfy the necessities of human beings?' The God of nature, with liberal hand, supplies the wants of all his creatures: Shall we spurn his proffered bounty, and lose the precious transient season of youth, in the pursuit of that which only serves, with the generality of our species, to create imaginary wants, not supply those that are real?

How can I be otherwise than happy, when you assure me that you live by the hope of making me so? How can I be careless of a life, which you tell me gives all its value to yours?—Julia! most generous, most amiable of women! how can I ever be capable of wounding a heart thus tenderly endeared?

Supported by mutual assurances of each other's attachment, let us often anticipate that blissful day, when patience shall be rewarded with transport, and peace exalted to happiness. My absent, yet ever present Love, adieu! Continue to repeat to me the delightful assurance, that you love me sincerely—that you will love me always.

It.



It is the most invaluable of all truths to your faithful, grateful, and admiring . .

GEORGE RIVERS.

## LETTER II.

THE slight fever which prevented me from writing last post, was occasioned by the violence of my efforts, to conceal from you that anguish which almost overcame my resolution, at the cruel moment of our separation.—Julia! you are my superior in every thing; even in that fortitude which our sex arrogantly claim as their own:

Denied the pleasure of beholding you, your letters were my whole comfort.—While I eagerly perused every delightful sentence, they insensibly transferred the throbbing of my head to my heart. There, it was pain—here, it is transport!—Dearest Julia! what can I not endure with resolution, while supported by the assurance of your tender affection?

I am now free from every complaint, except such as are necessarily occasioned by your absence. Such may be quieted, but cannot be eradicated.—Yet, should you tire of hearing them, to effect my cure, you have only to say—‘I love you no longer.’

‘I love you no longer!’—Heavens! my Julia! how I shudder at the bare idea of  
such

such misery! Let me fly from it, as from the worst of evils.

Love has been said to give courage to the fearful; I have not found it so. When I reflect on the number of miles that now divide us, fear assumes every shape of danger to torment me. Oh Julia! my heart dies within me, when I think what ravages, time, absence, sickness, and death, make in human affairs. Against the influence of the two former, I trust we are both proof; but, what human skill can defend us from the assaults of the latter?

And is this the office of Reason, to deprive us of present comfort, and substitute in its place, vain and criminal apprehension? Surely no. Rather let me believe that I listen to her dictates, when something whispers me—yet a year, or two years more, and the same cares shall occupy, the same pleasures delight, the same roof protect two Lovers, who will know no care, no pleasure, but that of making each other happy.

But believe me, tho' love has softened, it has not enervated my mind. On the contrary, I pursue every plan likely to promote my future advancement, with unaccustomed alacrity. It were strange indeed if my activity could sleep, while a future independence, in which you are to share, is my object; or if my ambition could re-  
main

main unmoved with the hope of that fame, which might one day soothe the ear of my Love!

*In continuation.*

I was interrupted whilst writing to you, by the only person on earth I could forgive for such an intrusion. My surprise indeed could only be equalled by my pleasure, when my door opened, and Harry Stanley flew to embrace me. At the time I left England, his regiment was ordered for the East Indies, and I had not learned the change made in its destination, which will be productive of so much satisfaction to me.

We have been long and intimately acquainted. His character is that of a man of sense, honour, and spirit; but the most conspicuous of all his good qualities, is that humanity which is ever connected with true courage, and adds peculiar lustre to the profession of arms.

In his breast I can confide every thought of mine. He is well qualified to share in all my anxieties, by an attachment to a young Lady, of whose sentiments he is still ignorant, and from whom, want of fortune has necessarily separated him. You may believe the society of such a friend must be an invaluable acquisition, at a time when I am forced to forego the charms of your conversation.

This morning your letter reached me—the first of yours that ever gave me pain! The moment I broke the seal, my eye caught the dreaded name of Melvill; my blood grew chill, and my heart throbbed with apprehension. On your fidelity, my only Love! my reliance is unshaken, as my trust in Heaven! But you know not—Oh Julia! you can never know—the thousand pangs connected with the name of Rival! What will not love, merit, and perseverance effect!—But begone, tormenting unworthy fears! ye have Melvill only for your object:—Do not my hopes rest on Julia Greville?

Your letters are my only comforters: You know not how efficacious is the balm they bestow. I fear to tell you how welcome, how inestimable they are to me, lest you should be tempted to sacrifice your duty to my indulgence. Heaven knows, I wish it not to come in competition with the comfort of your amiable afflicted mother, whose whole consolation flows from your tenderness: I never wish to see the ties of love weaken those of kindred or friendship, in that gentle bosom where every virtue resides.

I am dissatisfied with myself, for having allowed ten days to elapse without writing to you. It was not like the friend, the lover whom your fancy has pictured all  
kindness

kindness and unceasing attention to your happiness; and who ought to have broke through all the obstacles fatigue and duty threw in his way, rather than disappoint one expectation of that heart, which he knows by his own cherishes them with a fondness that cannot be described.

But let me not wound the bosom of my Love, by thus accusing myself. Rather let me lose the remembrance of my faults in that heavenly complacency I feel in the consciousness of being able to give her pleasure.

Your love, my Julia! not only makes all my happiness; but, by giving me dignity in my own eyes, will defend me from every mean, every culpable action.—O it will do infinitely more! it will teach me to deserve you; it will raise me to honour, by inspiring me with virtue.

Can we doubt, my amiable friend, that one great purpose of the God of nature, in transferring through the human breast such tenderness as we cherish for each other, is to increase our detestation of what is base and unworthy, and to animate our pursuit of what is laudable and excellent?

As in the presence of a beloved friend, to whom we unbosom ourselves without reserve, secure that none of our affairs are uninteresting to him, the day insensibly *passes away*, and we behold the approach of  
evening

decent looking peasants seated at their homely meal, and surrounded by eight smiling countenances, in which pleasure, peace, and plenty, were written in legible characters. At sight of this happy group, I could not help sighing to myself. 'Why should I leave my Julia, when so little can I satisfy the necessities of human beings?' The God of nature, with liberal hand, supplies the wants of all his creatures: Shall we spurn his proffered bounty, and lose the precious transient season of youth, in the pursuit of that which only serves, with the generality of our species, to create imaginary wants, not supply those that are real?

How can I be otherwise than happy, when you assure me that you live by the hope of making me so? How can I be careless of a life, which you tell me gives all its value to yours?—Julia! most generous, most amiable of women! how can I ever be capable of wounding a heart thus tenderly endeared?

Supported by mutual assurances of each other's attachment, let us often anticipate that blissful day, when patience shall be rewarded with transport, and peace exalted to happiness. My absent, yet ever present Love, adieu! Continue to repeat to me the delightful assurance, that you love me sincerely—that you will love me always.

betray me, I dared not trust myself to read it in their presence. Their conversation, at no time very interesting, became intolerably irksome. I found a pretence to retire; and now shut in my apartment, secure from every interruption, my whole soul dissolves in tenderness at the melting expressions of your's. Julia! light and joy of my life! whose peace to me is happiness! why should I vainly attempt describing to you, what I felt, while assured by you that my letter had dispelled the gloomy apprehensions with which you were overwhelmed on my account, and had restored peace and comfort to your dear bosom? Search there, my Love! Recollect the delight with which the happiness of your Rivers has expanded it, and you will find the only image that can justly express the feelings of mine.

How affecting is the concern you express for my safety, and unworthy were I of your solicitude, were I not grateful for that affection from which it originates, and attentive even to your slightest wish!

You reproach me with being rash, and exposing myself to unnecessary danger. Be assured this is not the case. The same honour that leads me to embrace every occasion of justifying your partiality, by discharging my duty, commands me to guard  
a life

a life which derives its value from your affection, and its happiness from the hope of one day contributing to your's. Julia! can this transporting hope fail to animate me with the desire of rising by merit to distinction?

Banish, I conjure you, all unnecessary fears for my safety, and oh be greatly careful of your own! Think it is the whole happiness—the life of your Rivers, that he himself entreats you to preserve.

What strange transformations does love produce! Wealth, so long despised, is now become the object of my constant pursuit. And why should it not be so? Wealth, when employed in administering to the comfort of the indigent, and encouragement of the industrious, may be desired without avarice, and enjoyed with innocence. But should Heaven deny us the power which affluence supplies, we shall feel, that a sincere wish to do good, accompanied with a prudent œconomy, will enable us to be liberal and beneficent, even with a contracted fortune.

In one wish may I be indulged, which rises spontaneously, which glows ardently, which will not be repressed; that of soon, very soon, being restored to my friends, my country—and, oh! far dearer than all, to my tenderly beloved Julia!

LET.



## L E T T E R IV.

It is midnight ;—silence and sleep reign around me. The intrusive cares of the day no longer force my mind from the dear object of its fondest hopes, nor interrupt an ideal intercourse, which now, alas forms all my enjoyment. Still, still I see, I listen to my Julia ;—still gaze on the mild lustre of her eyes ; their gentle beams still penetrate my inmost soul, and convey to my heart those expressions of tenderness which no eloquence can describe. But, alas ! this sweet illusion is of short duration. Imagination soon yields to the dominion of sense, and leaves me with anguish to perceive, that I am alone, and far distant from her in whose society I look for all the happiness I hope to enjoy in this world ; and without whose participation, I can scarce form an idea of felicity in the next.

Nor is it only in the hours of solitude that Fancy presents me with the image of my Love. You are not only my earliest and my latest thought, but you accompany me through every period of the day ; and every incident that occurs, insensibly leads me to think of you.

If I am exhausted with toil, I consider *it as a slight tribute that must be paid for*  
the

the happiness to which all my hopes are pointed. If I am in company with women uncommonly amiable and accomplished, I exult in the superiority of my Julia. If at any time I am treated with attention and respect, I regret that she is not present, to enjoy my importance. If I perceive any marks of neglect in those I converse with, I think of her inestimable affection, and from the height to which that has raised me, I look down on them, not with indignation, but contempt. I see—I hear—I enjoy but for you. Whatever is endearing in society, sacred in retirement, improving in science, ennobling in virtue, all, all I strive to treasure up, in the hope of one day rendering myself more worthy of the best of Heaven's blessings, your gentle; your faithful heart.

Mine bleeds for the sorrows that prey on the peace of its dearest partner. Rely on all the relief which sympathy and boundless affection can supply; and look forward to that period, when you shall forget the harsh unkindness of a father, in the tenderness of a grateful affectionate husband.

The ship which is to convey this, is already under sail; joy sits smiling on every countenance. How I envy their lot, who are permitted to revisit those they love!

Oh, Julia! how long shall my heart sicken with that expectation! How long shall it be, ere you shall be restored to the fondest of all lovers—the faithfullest of all friends!

GEORGE RIVERS.

## LETTER V.

AT length, most beloved of my soul! the object so anxiously, so ardently desired, appears in view; and Heaven, that witnesses the sincerity of my affection, gives me the near prospect of that independence, which, by sharing with you, cannot fail to confer happiness on your Rivers.

Judge with what transport I received this morning, from the hands of Lord M——, a Colonel's commission, which he generously termed the reward of valour; but which I could hardly have deserved, for endeavouring to discharge my duty.

O Julia! on this occasion, how sensibly do I feel the disinterestedness of that ennobling sentiment which possesses my whole soul! It is for you—for you alone, I aspire to distinction, and covet independence; nor would I wish to obtain either, but by means of that merit which might justify your preference, and my aspiring hopes.

Already a thousand smiling images—  
a thousand scenes of happiness and joy  
present

present themselves to my glowing imagination. Already, the seas that divide us, are passed. Already, I am in England, I behold my Julia, and read in her intelligent eyes, that her heart sympathizes in every delightful emotion I experience.

Dearest object of my highest, most confirmed esteem, as well as of my whole fond affection! what pleasure can fame, wealth, honour confer, compared with that which every approving word of your's infuses into my grateful heart?

To-morrow, the last month of that winter commences, which appeared so formidable in prospect. Thus, imperceptibly, shall the several portions of time pass away; that must still divide me from my Love; whilst every restless wish, and sickly hope, and anxious care, shall serve, by contrast, to heighten the transport of mutual love, and boundless confidence.

It is thus I strive to soothe those apprehensions, which, in spite of me, are for ever springing up in my heart. Oh Julia! pity its divided feelings, and try to render them more submissive to reason, more consistent with each other. By your example, teach me fortitude, and banish my anxieties by your tenderness.

You say, 'Let me live in your memory.' My admired mistress! my chosen friend! you live in my heart—you will ever live *there*.

Should Heaven unite our fates as closely as our affections, ten thousand proofs will convince you, that you are the dearest of all human beings to your faithful and devoted

GEORGE RIVERS.

## L E T T E R XXIV.

*Miss Herbert to Miss Greville.*

London.

COULD my Julia behold the tears with which her last letter is bedewed, she would then judge of the tenderness of that sympathy, which her misfortunes have awakened in the bosom of her friend.

O why is pity all we have to bestow on affliction—why is it so unavailing towards the relief of those we love?

At this moment my heart overflows with grief and compassion; yet I am unable to suggest one word of comfort to you. I am bewildered in a variety of conjectures, and know not what to think. I fear to flatter you with hopes, the disappointment of which may prove destructive of that peace you so ardently wish to regain; and tremble alike at the idea of being unjust to Rivers, and unkind to you.

Ah!

Ah Julia! is it then possible that two short years should produce so astonishing a change, in the sentiments of a heart so uncorrupted? Is it possible, at so early an age, that the human character can be enveloped with such deep disguises? Or could the tender, passionate, generous Rivers, in one moment, forget all ties human and divine, renounce his vows, forfeit his honour, madly forego his own happiness, and cruelly destroy the peace of her whose whole enjoyment was derived from his affection? On the other hand, to write regularly to his father, yet for two years to omit answering your letters; to be successful in the army, yet spurn that felicity to which all his hopes seemed directed; to pity and yet grieve you; to love, and yet injure you; to admire, esteem, adore, and yet forget you? —————

Julia! there is no room for doubt.—— Rivers is unworthy of the treasure he too long possessed. Would to Heaven I could frame one excuse for a conduct so inconsistent, or to save you the anguish of condemning him you loved! But my perfect knowledge of your worth, so greatly aggravates his offences, that I find this impracticable. What then remains, my beloved friend, but to abandon him to the consequences of his own folly and ingratitude; and quit for ever a subject, from

which my Julia can derive nothing but sorrow; a sorrow which may sometimes be banished, by sharing in the satisfaction of others; but which can neither be alleviated by reflection, nor soothed by hope.

How various are the pangs that pierce the human heart! how necessary the conviction that a future state of perfection and felicity awaits us, when all the seeming disorders of this shall be rectified. Were our trials here to arise solely from our own errors or vices, one should imagine that we might submit with patience to the penalties we have voluntarily incurred. But when our keenest sufferings proceed from the indulgence of our most virtuous affections, what can sustain us in the dreadful conflict, but the steadfast conviction, that these, by constituting our necessary discipline, will issue in our everlasting happiness?

May the calm satisfaction of conscious rectitude, support you under all the calamities of this life; and may you, frequently enabled to look beyond it, anticipate that glorious reward which awaits you in a better.—I am, with ever-increasing esteem,

Your affectionate friend;

MARIA HERBERT.

LET-

## LETTER XXV.

*Miss Greville to Miss Herbert.*

Harwood.

THERE is no situation, my beloved Maria, in which the human heart does not derive relief from sympathy. Your's is soothing to mine; yet I fear I am not sufficiently grateful, sufficiently sensible of the value of your inestimable friendship. Ah my friend! could the conviction of the understanding silence the murmurs of the heart, my days would not be clouded with sorrow, nor my reflections embittered by vain, perhaps criminal regrets. I should then consider as a blessing, what I have hitherto regarded as the heaviest calamity; and see the secret hand of Providence rescuing me from misery, and restoring me to safety, by the disappointment of my fondest, but presumptuous wishes.

Alas Maria! why cannot I feel, as well as reason aright? why should I cherish regret in that bosom where hope no longer resides? why should I fondly dwell on the remembrance of happiness, which shall no more return; or continue to think with tenderness, of a man who has cruelly abandoned me—who will never, never think of me more? Yes, my kindest friend, my  
F 4 wisest



wisest counsellor, yes, I will follow your advice ; I will ‘ abandon him to the consequences of his own ingratitude ; and ‘ quit for ever a subject, from which I can ‘ indeed derive nothing but sorrow.’

Last night I visited your favourite Grove. Desolate, solitary ; its feathered inhabitants all banished by the tempest which howled round my head, and strewed my path with leaves ; the melancholy scene had still charms for me ; it accorded with the tone of my mind, and favoured the train of my solemn reflections.

But a few weeks are past, since your feet had trodden the same path, your eyes beheld the same objects, and your heart melted with the same delightful tenderness, with which I then thought of my absent friend.

How soothing, Maria, is that secret, silent intercourse, to which an attachment like our’s gives birth !

Often have you seen the clouds of care and sorrow disperse from the brow of your Julia, as you listened to the recital of her peculiar griefs, and in sighs expressed that pity which was all the painful subject could admit of. Often has your presence diffused a gleam of sunshine through her soul, and banished a while those vexing inquietudes that preyed upon her heart. You have seen this ; and oh ! how sweet must the conviction have proved, that you were pouring balm into my wounded bosom !

Those

Those blissful moments are past; but assuredly they shall return. Yes, Maria, they shall return, and I shall yet taste the reward of doing my duty, in the approbation of her who will never regard my actions through any other medium, than that which truth and tenderness supply.

My mother came this moment into my apartment, and folding me in her arms, gave vent to the oppressive sorrow of her heart. ‘Julia,’ said she, ‘you must support me; you are indeed my only earthly comfort. I tenderly love, I revere my child, for that patient submission with which you bow under the rod of your Heavenly Father, who sustains whilst he chastens, and will never suffer us to sink under the weight of necessary correction.’

‘O, my child, that I could imitate you, who ought to have set you an example! But harrassed for so many years with constant distress, and worn out with repeated unkindness, my resolution fails; my constitution is broken under the weight of my misfortunes, and my hope of better days has been so long delayed, that my heart is sick—yes, Julia! sick to death.’

Maria! think what I felt on hearing these words from the lips of a mother. Yes, by the aid of Heaven, I will comfort, I will sustain, I will never, never grieve her!

The thought of living to support my revered parent, inspires new strength into my dejected soul. If I can no longer hope for happiness myself, I thank God I may yet contribute to the relief, the happiness of others. It is thus that the Almighty infuses into the bitter cup of adversity, those salutary ingredients that prove it to be the gift of a Father, not imposed in wrath, but proffered in mercy.

Continue to support my resolutions by your approbation. Write often, and think nothing in which you are concerned, either unimportant, or uninteresting, to

Your faithful friend,

JULIA GREVILLE.

## L E T T E R XXVI.

*Miss Herbert to Miss Greville.*

London.

MY dearest Julia! we all experience, that the human mind is so constituted, that in spite of extreme inward sorrow, outward objects necessarily engage our attention; and if they are new, for a while at least dissipate our thoughts.

*In the hope of diverting your's from the painful subjects on which they are too prone*  
to

to dwell, I shall give you an account of my last week's rambles.

Having received a pressing invitation from Mr. —, to accompany him to his seat at Richmond, my father, from motives of prudence, accepted, though' with no small reluctance; and last Monday, carried my sister and me, to partake in the elegant pleasures of a table groaning under the weight of victuals, which made their appearance like his Majesty's life-guards, only to be looked at: to drag our weary limbs through the bewildering mazes of the tortured spot which Mr. — calls his garden: to wonder at the willows, which torn from the side of their native Thames, now weep (as well as they may) over a legion of croaking frogs in a dirty pond, whose scanty springs scarce afford water to cover them: and to admire the ingenuity of this rich relation, who has contrived at an immense expence, to exclude the prospect of the Thames, by erecting a huge observatory; to shut out Richmond hill, by raising a bank to keep in the water; and by every whim which folly could suggest, and wealth gratify, to render one of the sweetest spots in the world, detestable.

Perhaps it is rather a misfortune for those whose lot Providence hath assigned among the busy and active, rather than the *refined and speculative*, to have conversed  
only.

only with people of cultivated minds, and elegant manners.

Such persons are subjected, by their refinement, to constant disgust; and are too apt to overlook the kind affections of the heart, when unaccompanied with polite manners, and an improved understanding.

I was both surprised and shocked with the behaviour of my city relations. Their extravagant mirth struck me dumb. I was terrified at their wit, overwhelmed with their breeding, astonished at their ignorance, and sick with their vulgarity. But though forcibly struck with the difference between Mr. —'s family, and those friends with whom I am accustomed to converse, the disgust and contempt excited by low breeding, was suppressed by the gratitude which kindness and hospitality awakened.

When we discover real beauties in a piece, we ought to turn our eyes from its blemishes; and when we are assured the heart is good, we ought readily to overlook what is merely the defect of the head.

Of all the scenes lately presented to my view, none has afforded me so much pleasure as Windsor forest. Is it that its wild beauties resemble those favourite scenes I have so lately quitted, or that the unexpected appearance of such rural objects, amidst a country so populous and cultivated, struck my imagination with peculiar force?

force? Certain it is, whilst I wandered in this enchanting solitude, whilst I reflected that every step I trod was on classic ground, I felt myself inspired with that soft, that divinest melancholy, which wraps the soul in a sweet delirium, and seems to raise it above mortality.

On my return, I waited on Mrs. Sedley at Richmond. What a striking proof does she exhibit of the insufficiency of wealth to procure happiness—may of its frequent tendency to destroy it! since there cannot be a greater misfortune than to have all our wants supplied, without exerting either our own talents or industry.

I persuaded her to take an airing last night; but could not prevail with her to join our party on the water: The damps would give her a sore throat; the heat, a fever; a sudden squall might upset the boat; and at any rate, she would expire with fear.

Thus determined on death and destruction, it was in vain to dispute the matter. The meadows of Ham and Twickenham were delightfully verdant; but how lifeless are those pleasures in which no one feelingly partakes with us? It is sympathy that redoubles all our enjoyments.

We drove through part of that wood, 'which nodding hangs o'er Harrington's retreat,' which is fragrant with eglantine,  
and

and roses, and appears as wild as that at Harwood.

Your favourite bard lies buried amidst those charming scenes, which his pen has rendered still more charming; and they must neither be lovers of nature, friends to virtue, nor votaries of the muses,—in short, they must be absolute strangers to the feelings of a Julia Greville, who can pass the grave of Thomson without a sigh.

I spent the remainder of the evening much to my satisfaction. My uncle came in, and found my father seated in his elbow chair, listening with kind complacency, to a song which he had just declared I sung better than his favourite Gabrielli herself. ‘How like an Eastern Monarch he looks!’ cried my uncle. ‘I am indeed enjoying the highest luxury this world *now* affords me,’ replied this fond parent, with an emphasis that at once swelled and melted my heart. O my friend! how blest am I in being able to give him pleasure! and how great is that I experience, in selecting those tender airs that I know are agreeable his taste, and particularly those which my dear mother used to sing; and in striving, by all the little arts I possess, to banish at times the remembrance of that loved lamented wife, and after the toils of public business, like her, to welcome him with smiles, back to his quiet home.

But

But this theme, my Julia, though delightful to me, is unhealthful to your peace. Wherefore I shall bid it, and my beloved friend, adieu.

MARIA HERBERT.

## LETTER XXVII.

*Miss Herbert to Mrs. Helen-Maria Stanley.*

My dear Aunt,

London.

AS the people with whom you associate, are in general possessed of affluent fortunes, I think you might render an important service to society, could you interest them in a scheme which has long occupied my thoughts, and which was first suggested to them by the following circumstance:—

When my father carried me to visit my friends at S—, I went one morning with a party of young companions, to play in the gardens belonging to the hospital. Tired with romping, I threw myself down on the grass, to taste, at once, repose and coolness. My enjoyment, however, was soon interrupted by the groans of a person in great distress. I started up, and beheld a woman clean and decently clothed, but pale and emaciated, sitting at the foot  
of



of a tree, against which she leaned for support.

I approached her; but she took no notice of me. My companions began to crowd around us; their gaiety seemed an insult on her distress. I entreated them to withdraw.

I sat down by her, and anxiously enquired what was the nature of her complaints. She lifted up her eyes,—the eloquence of misery was in them. She told me she had been afflicted for several years with an internal disorder, attended with great pain and weakness; that she had been admitted into the hospital, where every remedy had been tried without success; and that she was to be dismissed to-morrow as INCURABLE!

This last word, and the manner in which she pronounced it, pierced my heart. Incurable! repeated I, what then will become of you? Can I do any thing for you? ‘Alas! my dear,’ replied she, ‘God Almighty alone can help me! I am unable to work for my bread; I have neither the means of subsistence, the hope of recovery, nor the prospect of sudden death to alleviate my misery.’ This was the first time I had heard Death mentioned as an object of desire; I had hitherto considered him as the king of terrors, and with equal pity and astonishment saw him regarded as a friend.

I emptied

I emptied my pockets of the few half-pence they contained; promised to enquire after this unhappy sufferer; went home, told my story—sighed for her misery—and forgot her. I was then under ten years of age. The number of her's I trust are long since summed up, and she at rest in that land, 'where there is no more sorrow, nor pain, nor death.'

But though my compassion was suspended, it was not extinguished. It has often been awakened by people in the same deplorable circumstances. We are famed in England, for humanity. Is it not astonishing, that amongst all our public charities, there should be no asylum provided for the most wretched of the human species? Hope is the cordial of life: how miserable must be their lot to whom 'hope can never come;' and who, though the victims of want, and incurable disease, cannot find the refuge of the grave!

I have often and anxiously wished to see some plan concerted for their relief. Unfortunately those who are most able to promote it, are farthest removed from those scenes of deep retired distress, where the miserable require that aid they are unable to solicit. The feelings of mankind must be awakened in order to stimulate them to action. What then must be done? Description must be substituted in the room of observation.

My dear Aunt! do not think me presumptuous, if I venture to believe that two such obscure people as you and I, might with proper management, set the wheels in motion, which in time might complete the work.

I am not of Voltaire's opinion, who says, 'The English resemble a barrel of ale; the top is all froth, the bottom dregs, but the middle excellent.' I rather think we are like a cask of wine when properly refined, warm, sound, and cordial to the last drop. But to return to my subject.—The number of incurables is comparatively small; the diet they require, moderate; the medical attendance they demand, not frequent, as the advantages to be deprived from medicinal aid, can only be of a palliative nature. I am persuaded, were a subscription set a-going, there is hardly a school-boy who would not sacrifice a pair of silk stockings, or a girl who would not forego a Sunday's cap, for the pleasure or vanity of seeing their names in the list of those who profess to be friends of affliction.

We have several such among the Great: Perhaps were the scheme properly represented, we might hope for assistance even from the sovereign, who glories in being the Father of his people, and whose domestic virtues in particular, endear him to *their hearts*.

These

These imperfect hints I submit to your cooler judgment; ~~the~~ warmth of my heart often raises a mist before mine.

I am conscious many difficulties may arise to oppose its execution; but if there is a possibility of succeeding, let us not be discouraged. The season of action is short; mere speculation, vain: let us not waste the transient hours of life, in pursuits which neither tend to our own improvement, nor the benefit of others; but rather wisely strive to fill it up 'with all the virtues we can crowd into it.'

Should you begin to form the same opinion of me, that the Curate did (on examining his library) of his friend Don Quixote, even follow the prudent example of that honest man; throw this proof of my insanity into the fire; and instead of vainly striving to reason me out of my project, wait with patience, till a longer acquaintance with the world shall have convinced me, that the wind-mills of Pleasure, the giant Interest, and the enchanter Indolence, are neither to be conquered nor exercised by the feeble arm of a Miss-errant.

Adieu! your affectionate Niece,

MARIA HERBERT.

## LETTER XXVIII.

*Miss Greville to Miss Herbert.*

Harwood.

I THANK my kind Maria, for her well-meant endeavours to divert the course of my melancholy reflections. But misfortunes press so hard on every side, that I often fear I shall sink altogether under the load.

To submit, and to exert, are two things very different. I humbly hope, I acquiesce in the will of that Being who appoints all our trials, from a perfect conviction of the goodness and rectitude by which he proportions them to our strength, and intends them for our improvement: But it requires a force and vigour of mind far greater than I yet possess, to struggle against misfortunes, which are daily accumulating, for which I know no remedy, and to which I see no end.

My dear good mother is fast declining. My unhappy father's pressing demands seem to render him desperate; yet none of the plans of œconomy which my mother proposes for retrieving his affairs, meet with his approbation, or even a patient hearing. Ah! why cannot I be silent on this cruel subject? ought not the sacred name of Fa-

ther

ther to be respected? would to Heaven, Maria, I could feel either respect or affection for this unkind parent! But I really fear his barbarity to the gentlest, best of wives, and his unmerited severity to myself, will at length entirely eradicate the sentiments which nature planted in my bosom, but which unkindness has nipt in the bud.

His horses, hounds, and fine house on the forest, have all been arrested by creditors. On this occasion, my mother ventured, though in the gentlest terms, to suggest the necessity of some change in our manner of living; and proposed with the utmost cheerfulness, to lay aside the coach, and dismiss our two upper female servants. To this proposal he readily agreed; but the moment she hinted at discharging some of his supernumerary domestics, he became quite frantic with passion; and told my mother with an air of ineffable contempt, that it did not become a Lady even of her high birth, who brought nothing into his family but pride and poverty, to dispose of his fortune, or direct his affairs.

I ought to explain this speech, by informing you, that my mother's fortune of L. 5000, was left by my grandfather Lord Belmont, in the power of his son; who was so displeased with my mother's marriage, *that he never would give her one far-*  
thing.

thing. This harsh reproach was the most ungenerous, as my mother lately gave up her jointure, in hopes of accommodating matters between my father and his creditors.

But this is not the whole of my present distress. Amongst the licentious circle who frequent his table, my father lately introduced a Lord Rochdale, distinguished from his abandoned associates, only by a more insinuating address, a greater air of the world, and a less shocking manner of venting those detestable principles, by which his conduct seems equally influenced.

I could not help being alarmed by the attention with which he distinguished me, from the first moment we met: I thought too, I perceived my father watching my every movement that day, to discover what impression my appearance made on his Lordship. This inspired me with so strong a feeling, of mingled fear and aversion, that I could hardly constrain myself to behave to him with tolerable civility. He perceived my reserve; and had complained of it, I suppose, to my father, who, on finding me alone next morning in the parlour, affected an air of greater tenderness than usual. ‘Julia,’ said he, ‘you are no stranger to the situation of my affairs. Happily, an opportunity now offers, of retrieving them, and saving me. Lord Rochd—

‘ Rochdale loves you ; he is posselt of a  
‘ fine fortune, and has immense prospects.

Seeing me look distrust, and ready to interrupt him, he resumed his usual sternness, and continued thus : ‘ If you do not  
‘ regard your father’s happiness, consult  
‘ at least your own interest : your’s and  
‘ your mother’s ruin are as inevitable as  
‘ mine, should you decline the addresses of  
‘ Lord Rochdale. Think twice before  
‘ you determine—another establishment  
‘ like this, may probably never present itself.’ On saying this he took up his hat, and without bidding me adieu, retired; leaving me in a situation scarce to be conceived. I had no time for reflection, or preparing myself for what followed ; the door opened, and Lord Rochdale was ushered into the parlour. I strove to recollect myself, and receive him with that politeness, which good manners, and his rank, demanded : But the assured and insolent air with which he entered, and the impudent familiarity of his manner, threw me off my guard, and I treated him with all the haughtiness and resentment of offended modesty. Flushed with security of success, he coloured violently on meeting with a rebuff, for which he was by no means prepared : but pride and meanness are often allied ; with most consummate art, *he immediately* softened his look and  
voice,



voice, and assuming a suppliant and respectful air, acknowledged his fault, entreated my forgiveness for his presumption, and the boldness of those hopes, which love, he said, alone occasioned; and which love, he hoped, would one day teach me to excuse.

After pleading in vain the violence of his passion, he endeavoured to dazzle me with enumerating the splendid advantages which I would enjoy, in an union with a person of his rank and fortune.—He was even ungenerous enough to hint at the ruinous situation of my father, in order to give weight to his arguments.

Ah Maria! how unable are such little souls to judge of those motives that influence noble and ingenuous minds. The very arguments he urged to obtain my compliance with his proposal, were those which would for ever oppose my acceptance of it; and which deeply wounded my self-love, by shewing me, that he thought me capable of being influenced by motives that could only weigh with the most weak and interested of my sex. Tired out with his disgusting importunity, ‘I cannot help being greatly surprised, my Lord,’ said I, ‘to hear you expatiate on the happiness of the married state, when no longer than a week ago, I heard your Lordship declare, than none but fools would submit to be shackled?’

‘shackled?’—‘My dear Miss Greville,’ replied he, assuming a sprightly air, ‘are you going to set up for an Inquisitor, and scan our thoughts, and weigh our words?’—‘I believe my Lord,’ said I, ‘to take this charge of your Lordship’s, would prove but a severe and useless penance, perhaps subject me to more mortification than I desire.’ How so? replied he. Do you really suspect me of entertaining any thoughts relating to you, that would either mortify or offend you? ‘Indeed, my Lord,’ I have no intention of making your thoughts the subject of my inquiry, as your words are sufficient to determine my conduct. And,’ continued I, in a graver tone, ‘as I have ever regarded the marriage state as the most happy and respectable of all others, your Lordship cannot be surprised at my positively rejecting the addresses of a person, whose opinion on this important subject, he has himself declared, to be entirely inconsistent with my own.’

‘But you dear little Confessor,’ continued he, (familiarily taking hold of my hand, which I instantly withdrew), ‘you forget that it is a part of your duty to absolve upon sincere repentance, and of your christian charity, to make all possible allowance for me: now, though the speech in question was a little free, it was  
VOL. I. G made

‘made over the bottle, which you know is  
‘an excuse for every thing.’

‘With you I doubt not, my Lord; but  
‘it is no part of my creed, that the com-  
‘mission of one fault makes atonement for  
‘a thousand; besides, you know, it is re-  
‘ceived as a maxim, that in wine there is  
‘truth.’

I know not, Maria, how I found courage  
to vent all this petulance; I really did not  
think myself capable of doing so: but my  
pride was wounded, and my temper irritat-  
ed, by the insolence of this daring liber-  
tine.

Just as I ended the last sentence, my fa-  
ther returned, and seeing us both, as he  
supposed, in high good humour, never  
doubted that all things were in the train he  
wished. This mistake, which Lord Roch-  
dale’s pride prevented him from rectifying,  
saved me all further altercation on the sub-  
ject for three days; but as I carefully  
avoided Lord Rochdale, my father’s er-  
ror could not be of long duration. Yest-  
erday he was effectually undeceived.—  
Happening to stroll into the garden after  
tea, I was observed by Lord Rochdale, who  
immediately quitted his riotous compani-  
ons, and heated with wine, followed me  
into the arbour, where I was sitting alone,  
ruminating on my wretched situation. He  
approached without ceremony, rallied me  
on my love of retirement, and with the most  
disgust.

disgusting familiarity, attempted kissing my  
and, whilst in a tone of passionate impa-  
ience, he complained of my unmerited re-  
erve, my unkindly quitting the room the  
moment dinner was over, and on every  
occasion, shunning to meet or converse  
with him.

‘I have not the vanity, my Lord,’ said  
I, ‘to think my conversation can either  
interest or amuse you ; nor the disinge-  
nuity to say, that I find either pleasure or  
instruction in your’s.’—You certainly in-  
tend me a very great favour,’ continued  
I, ‘in the offer you make me of your  
hand ; my gratitude is proportioned to  
the value of the obligation : But be as-  
sured, my Lord, I have too just a regard to  
my happiness, to entrust it with one whom  
I see daily sporting away his own ; and  
for the sake of raising a laugh, (among  
those whose abuse of the little understand-  
ing they possess, renders their applause  
the most humiliating censure), setting at  
defiance all laws human and divine, and  
undermining the very foundations of vir-  
tue and good order.’

‘Nobly preached, by Heaven, my little  
angel ! Why, if nothing else will induce  
you to marry me, your own principles  
ought ; the very love of that virtue and  
good order, to which your example would  
make me the sincerest of all converts.

‘ Believe me, Julia, truths divine drop ho-  
 ‘ lier from that bewitching mouth, than  
 ‘ from any surplice or lawn-sleeves in  
 ‘ christendom.’

I rose to retire, when putting on a more  
 serious and determined air, ‘ You must not  
 ‘ leave me, Miss Greville,’ said he, I can-  
 ‘ not support your indifference, your con-  
 ‘ tempt.’

‘ My Lord,’ I replied in the same tone,  
 ‘ our affections are not in our own power ;  
 ‘ but I never will treat any person with  
 ‘ contempt, whom their conduct does not  
 ‘ force me to despise.’

I again attempted leaving him ; but he  
 seized my hand, and, with much reluctance  
 on my part, detained me till he had again  
 repeated all he had formerly said on the  
 subjected of his detested passion.

I was heartily vexed, and I fear rather  
 rude ; for I told him, that he and his pas-  
 sion were alike offensive to me, and insist-  
 ed on his never again presuming to enter-  
 tain me on the disagreeable subject.

He looked very angrily at me for some  
 minutes ; then again softening his voice,  
 ‘ Can you really believe, Miss Greville,’  
 said he, ‘ that I shall so easily be brought  
 ‘ to abandon a scheme on which I had built  
 ‘ my hopes of happiness ?’—‘ Yours and  
 ‘ mine, my Lord,’ returned I, ‘ are utterly  
 ‘ incompatible on this occasion ; and if you  
 ‘ really

‘ really love me as you profess, you will  
‘ generously forego a scheme which can  
‘ never be attended with any thing but dis-  
‘ appointment.’—‘ If I really love you,  
‘ Julia!’ exclaimed he, gazing on me in a  
manner that quite terrified me, ‘ by Hea-  
‘ vens I love you so passionately, that I can-  
‘ not live without you.’—At this moment  
the audacious wretch had the boldness to  
clasp his arms round me; and it required  
all the force which fear and resentment  
added to my strength, to break from him;  
and hurry towards the house, which I did  
with the utmost precipitation. Indeed,  
Maria, the recollection of this horrid scene,  
makes my heart palpitate with terror at this  
moment.

My father met me in the passage; and  
perceiving my extreme agitation, enquired  
what occasioned it?

I burst into a flood of tears, and told him  
in what manner Lord Rochdale had insult-  
me. ‘ Insulted you!’ cried he; ‘ Do you  
‘ remember that you are a beggar? Do  
‘ you suppose that your heroic sentiments,  
‘ and exalted prudery, are to pass current  
‘ in the world? No, no, child; it is time  
‘ to lay aside romances, and think and talk  
‘ like other people. You must resolve ei-  
‘ ther to receive Lord Rochdale, as my  
‘ friend, and your husband, or provide  
‘ yourself lodgings elsewhere; for I will  
‘ har-

was impossible : To  
covering the whole,  
a part, and straining  
the of Lord Rochel  
his behaviour, nor  
upon it.

• My dearest Jai  
women, • let my face  
• Every species of mi  
• ed, but that which  
• solves, by following  
• lies of our blind passio  
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• beloved child run so g

‘harbour no person under my roof, who  
 ‘pretends to dispute my commands.’ On  
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 mother, whose load of affliction is already  
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‘My dearest Julia!’ said this best of  
 women, ‘let my fate be a warning to you.  
 ‘Every species of misery may be suppo-  
 ‘ed, but that which we bring upon our-  
 ‘selves, by following headlong the impu-  
 ‘ses of our blind passions.’

‘Let no promises of wealth or greatness  
 ‘no fears of poverty or neglect, seduce you  
 ‘from the path of rectitude. To marry  
 ‘man you cannot esteem, is certain misery.  
 ‘A rake may be reformed; but a libertine  
 ‘in principle never can. Why should my  
 ‘beloved child run so great a risk, as to  
 ‘trust her happiness with either? If the  
 ‘wreck of your father’s fortune shall re-  
 ‘main for your support, seek it, my Love  
 ‘from honest industry. In the discharge  
 ‘of your duty, expect the blessing of Hea-  
 ‘ven, which alone can make you rich; and  
 ‘without which, you will be poor in the  
 ‘midst’



midst of affluence, and wretched in the most exalted station. Always remember, that to possess, and to enjoy, are two things extremely different. Live, then, to yourself, my child, and not to the world:—with that world our connection soon must end; and even before that time, we shall be thoroughly convinced of the insufficiency of all it can bestow, either to obtain or secure our happiness.’

In listening to this revered parent, I seem listen to the voice of Heaven. Yes, Maria! I will treasure up her lessons in my heart; nothing shall tempt me to act in contradiction to its sentiments. Yes, though its fondest expectations its dearest wishes, are no more—Oh Rivers! though I must no longer live for thee, I never, never will live for another! Your’s,

JULIA GREVILLE.

## L E T T E R XXIX.

*Miss Herbert to Miss Greville.*

London.

I HAVE received both your letters Julia! for which I sincerely thank you. Amidst a variety of distressing circumstances, what consolation ought it to carry

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‘pretends to dispute my commands.’ On  
saying this, he left me. I struggled to con-  
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## L E T T E R    XXIX.

*Miss Herbert to Miss Greville.*

London.

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 my Julia ! for which I sincerely thank you.

Amidst a variety of distressing circum-  
 stances, what consolation ought it to carry

to the heart of my friend, that by her filial tenderness, and virtuous conduct, she is lessening the weight of calamity, and soothing the inquietudes of a mother she fondly loves !

To smooth the last scenes of declining life, is a gentle and benevolent employment, and peculiarly suited to a temper like your's. Like all other duties, it carries its reward along with it, in the sweet complacency it diffuses through the soul ; but when humanity is prompted by gratitude, and endeared by affection, the exercise of duty becomes the most exquisite enjoyment.

I am highly gratified by your account of your spirited behaviour to the infamous and contemptible Rochdale. Vice seldom fails to degrade, as much as Virtue ennobles the human mind : And it is happy for mankind, when it throws off all disguise, and appears as in Lord Rochdale, with all its native meanness and deformity.

You pain my heart, by accusing yourself, in your former letter, of impatience under your distresses. My amiable Julia ! just and indulgent to all besides, you are most severe and unjust to yourself. Heaven requires that we should acquiesce with humble resignation in its decrees ; but it does not forbid us to wish for the possession of happiness it has denied, or to desire exemption from sufferings it has inflicted.

The

The involuntary shrinkings of nature, under the heavy pressure of affliction, will never surely be imputed to us as criminal.

You say, 'that you are grieved to discover that misfortunes, instead of blunting the edge of your feelings, have increased your sensibility to a degree of which you formerly had no conception.' But why should this afflict my friend?

How infinitely superior is the love, the friendship, the gratitude, the devotion of an exquisitely feeling heart, to the languid emotions of a cold, phlegmatic, insensible soul? I grant, indeed, that a person endued with extreme sensibility, is thereby exposed to peculiar pains; but religion and philosophy will greatly mitigate them, and by checking the over-indulgence of this disposition, prevent the dangerous effects it might produce. We ought to remember too, that the same constitution of mind which exposes us to severe suffering, capacitates us also for most exquisite enjoyment.

Indeed a stagnation of feeling, seems of all others that state which the human mind feels most difficulty in supporting. And so intolerable is that apathy into which extreme distress often plunges the children of misfortune, that (as Young perhaps too strongly expresses it) 'they would almost thank misery for a change, though sad.'

My dearest Julia, how happy do you make me by the assurance that my letters help to beguile your heavy hours! May I live no longer than whilst I continue sensible of your merit, grateful for your tenderness, and worthy of that preference by which you distinguish me! which gives me importance in my own eyes, will obtain for me the regard of others, and, through life, add a relish to all the enjoyments of your admiring grateful friend,

MARIA HERBERT.

## L E T T E R     X X X.

*Miss Greville to Miss Herbert.*

Harwood.

THE ardour of your attachment, my dear Maria, merits a return far different from that which my languid heart is able to make to it. How sadly changed is your friend, from what you once knew her! How changed to me, alas! the whole face of creation, the whole prospects of life! Wherever I turn my eyes, a dismal gloom invests every scene; the very soul of Nature seems annihilated; and of all those animated and beautiful objects that *once delighted me*, nothing but the lifeless shadows now remain.

Though

Though years are stealing on apace, the cold hand of Time would not so soon have extinguished the ardent flame of youthful enthusiasm. Grief, Maria, has exhausted the vigour of my soul, and like an untimely frost, blasted all those buds of hope and joy, which ought to have adorned the Summer, and enriched the Autumn of my days!—How severe is my lot! condemned to look back with anguish, and (with respect to this life) forward without hope: unable to interest myself either in the pleasures or business of life, yet exposed continually to its most mortifying distresses.

Much do I wish habitually to consider myself as a Pilgrim, whose business is not to seek rest or pleasure on the road, but diligently to hasten towards his home; who ought not to sink down under his burden, nor suffer himself to be greatly disturbed, though incommoded, or even harassed, on a journey, which is every hour drawing nearer to a close!

I write at present in the Alcove, the scene of the happiest and most painful moments of my life: the remembrance of the painful often returns, but the pleasing are gone for ever. With what exquisite sorrow do I contemplate every surrounding object, still, still associated with the idea of the most engaging, but most faithless of mankind!

mankind! Here, whilst I listened with delight to his vows of fond affection I forgot that any of the human race could be unkind. Ah Rivers! what killing anguish, what endless regrets, have my own credulity, and thy perfidy, treasured up for me! I know, Maria, I might conceal my deplorable weakness from you; 'but tho' with others it is sufficient to be sincere, in not appearing what we are not; yet with our friends, we ought to throw all reserve aside, and appear such as we really are.'

Lord Rochdale continues to persecute me with his odious addresses. How strange, how inconsistent, is that haughty sex! No aversion can be more strongly marked, than that I feel for him; yet he still professes love, extravagant love for me! He offends, he disgusts me every moment; yet I ought to remember, that a man entirely destitute of delicacy and generosity, can have no idea of the degree in which these may subsist in another; and consequently may deeply wound, where he does not so much as intend to hurt.

How different a character is that of our old play-mate Sally Dormer!—I cannot express to you how much I have been affected this morning, by the singular generosity and attachment of that excellent girl, *whose birth* entitled her to a better station,  
than



than that in which her misfortunes have placed her.

Ever since her father became bankrupt, she has lived here as maid to my mother; but her good sense, and superior education, have made me treat her always as a companion.

Observing her frequently of late in tears, and fearing she might be apprehensive of losing a small sum which is in my father's hands, I began this morning to assure her, that whilst my mother lived, this should not be the case. She burst into a flood of tears—'Oh! my dear Miss Greville,' cried she, 'can you believe me capable of bestowing a thought on myself, when I see your excellent mother in such affliction? She told me we must part, because she cannot afford to keep so many servants; but I will do the work of two servants—I will serve for nothing—I never will leave her.'

Then, grasping my hand, she sobbed aloud. 'Oh pardon my presumption! I cannot speak what I meant to say—Have the goodness to carry this to my dear Lady: It is her own—indeed, indeed it is: I received it all in gifts from her; and now she may want something—I require nothing.' She ran out of the room, and left me with astonishment to take up her purse, which she had let drop at my feet,

feet, and in which I found thirty guineas. I would not pain a mind so noble, by absolutely refusing her gift; but instantly following her into her own apartment, I embraced her with tears of gratitude, and told her I should keep her purse, and use it without scruple, if ever our necessities should require us to do so.

Ah, Maria! what are the boasted and so much coveted distinctions of power, rank, and affluence, compared with the possession of a soul like Sally Dormer's?

Farewell, my kind, my sympathizing friend! Your letters are my only amusement, my only consolation. The expressions of your tender affection penetrate my soul; like the breeze of Summer on the bosom of the lake, they gently agitate without ruffling it; the emotions they excite, are equally pleasing and healthful. Farewell! I know it is as unnecessary to solicit the continuance of your friendship, as to assure you of the inviolable attachment of your friend,

JULIA GREVILLE.

L. E. T.

## LETTER XXXI.

*Miss Lucy Herbert to Mrs. Helen-Maria Stanley.*

My dear Aunt,

London.

THERE is a principle of liberty in my nature, that cannot brook restraint; place what is usually my greatest pleasure in the light of a duty, and in a twinkling inclination flies off at a tangent, as your learned parson Parson would say.

Here has Lucy been dunning in my ears for eight days, write—write—write. Now my dear aunt is not to learn, that writing is often as little in our power, as loving or hating, or any other mental operation. But though I can turn a deaf ear to her remonstrances, I cannot bear your reproaches.—And can you indeed believe it possible, that I should ever forget—that I should cease to love you? No! by these presents, I am resolved to convince you—that still I love you—even in dulness love you. There are two styles of writing which at present I could adopt with equal ease—the philosophic, and the frivolous. Were I to reply to your last in order, I must necessarily choose the former; but my natural bias towards the latter, is determined by the ar-  
rival

rival of the old Countess of S——, who at once supplies a subject, and will assist me in handling it.

I am out of all patience with this antiquated Dowager, who, without asking permission of any one, has taken upon herself the office of Chaperon to the ignorant country girls; and shaking with zeal, like a mandarin or a mantle-piece, assumes the whole direction of our dress, equipage, &c.

Figure to yourself the pleasure of being surveyed every day from top to toe by a pair of pig's eyes, squinting from under a huge cape, like a tortoise out of its shell; and ushered into every public place, by a pair of shoulders as high as the Alps, and crowned like them with a front of eternal snow.—But, in pursuance of your advice, I strive to find ‘some good in every thing,’ and flattering myself that this old ever-green may serve by contrast to heighten the charms of the roses and lilies with which she is surrounded, I pay her assiduous attention.

See what deference I shew for your favourite virtue Prudence! But though I scorn to make a boast of my own merit, I must be bold to say, my friendship for her is purely disinterested; since, except on this occasion, I never was indebted to her in my whole life.

After

fter all, I cannot fee why being with-  
hundred and fifty degrees of kindred,  
ld give fools and impertinents, an in-  
itable right to torment one.

or my part, I love no friends but fuch  
ave me miftrefs of my time, and have  
to perceive that company cannot al-  
be agreeable.

was carried yesterday to view the Bri-  
Museum; a title beftowed on a fine  
ce filled with broken jars, headlefs  
s, cracked urns, tattered parchments,  
ed mummies, hunch-backed mon-  
, toads, ferpents, and alligators.

ver fince viewing this ftrange medley  
ings moft extraordinary in nature, and  
irable in art, my neck and eyes have  
d, and my brain teemed with mon-

rom thence we adjourned to the exhi-  
on of the Royal Academy, where I  
peculiarly delighted with the pictures  
Angelica Kauffman, who is certainly  
of the moft elegant artifts of this age;  
I am affured that the fame delicacy of  
d, and fenfibility of heart, which guide  
choice of fubjects for her pencil, and  
ftroingly marked in the execution of  
1, appear both in her letters and con-  
tation.

am really proud of the rank our fex  
*refent* hold among the profeflors of  
the

the fine arts.—You, say dear aunt, possess one more valuable than the whole—the divine art of Contentment. And such is the engaging sweetness of your temper, and winning complacency of your manners, that I may venture to affirm, in a right Hibernian style, that if all old maids were like you, there would be no old maids at all.

What an unreasonable world do we live in! (I can moralize as well Maria). Was ever any thing more unjust, than to affix a term of reproach on a woman, for what she has taken every lawful means to prevent—which she considers as her greatest misfortune—and which, by malice itself, can never be construed into a fault?—

When a few months longer residence here has qualified me to assume the airs of a woman of fashion, I shall certainly endeavour to banish from the world that spiteful and unmeaning term Old Maid. For the term *old*, indeed, I see no use in the English Vocabulary. You may sometimes meet an old woman begging charity in the streets; but at the park, the play, the opera, all women, are alike young, all wear the lilies and roses of fifteen.

Farewell! When mine decay, may their fading charms be supplied by the most beautiful of all ever-greens—Good-humour! Mean-time, to follow your instructions, and  
practise

practise what you teach both by precept  
and example, shall be the daily study of

Your affectionate Niece,

LUCY HERBERT.

*Mrs. Helen-Maria Stanley to Miss Lucy  
Herbert.*

Stanley Farm.

I **AM** flattered most agreeably, my  
dearest Lucy, by the reception you gave  
my former letters, as well as the earnest-  
ness with which you urge me to continue  
our correspondence. Your epistles contri-  
bute greatly to my entertainment; at the  
same time, I am led to suspect, from the  
colouring which your imagination bestows  
on every object, that fancy still at times  
leads reason astray, and that you are still  
tempted to abuse that fine understanding  
with which Heaven hath blessed you, by  
sacrificing your humanity to your love of  
ridicule.

Though I know my dear girl would re-  
volt with horror from the idea of deliber-  
ately injuring a fellow-creature, yet she is  
not aware how materially she may do so,  
by giving scope to the flights of her lively  
imagination, and painting the infirmities  
of others, in a light so striking and ludi-  
crous,

crous, as cannot fail to make a lasting impression, and give so unfavourable an idea of characters, perhaps truly worthy, as can never afterwards be eradicated.

Nothing but vice should be made the subject of ridicule, and that with the view of rendering it contemptible. Against vice, then, let the sharpest arrows of satire be pointed;—there, to see them wound deeply, would give me sincere pleasure.

It is to be lamented, that mankind in general shew more contempt for folly, than indignation against vice.—Yet the one usually proceeds from weak intellects, and therefore is chargeable only to Heaven; the other often from the abuse of superior talents, and consequently renders us highly culpable ourselves.

The effects of folly, too, are commonly most hurtful to the foolish themselves.—Those of vice are not only ruinous to the vicious, but often involve the innocent in extreme misery, and extend far beyond the sphere of our limited knowledge.

For the future, then, my Lucy, pity and conceal the frailties of your species. Despise, deride, and even detest their vices; but ever be it your care, by the exercise of love and charity, to promote the spirit of true benevolence, and the happiness of society.

*I shall conclude these thoughts, thrown together at your request, with part of a discourse*



discourse on Ash Wednesday, from the sensible intelligent Bishop of ———.

‘ The best way to dispose ourselves for becoming what we ought to be, is to get a clear idea of what we are. Forgetful of the motives which influenced them, we judge of our actions by their success, and often triumph when we ought to be ashamed.

‘ Self-love prompts us to fly from every view of our character that would give us pain : But on whatever parts of it we feel greatest reluctance to dwell, there we ought to make the strictest scrutiny ; and there, that scrutiny will be most likely to produce those penitential sorrows, whose fruit is sincere repentance.’

Before quitting Sunday subjects, let me remind my dear Lucy of the promise she made me with regard to the approaching festival. It is dangerous, on any pretence whatever, to neglect the celebration of the positive institutions of our holy religion. Carelessness and indifference grow upon the mind, in consequence of such omissions ; and the convictions of the understanding will ever be found to have but a feeble influence on the conduct, unless aided and confirmed by the affections of the heart. The duties of religion have a powerful tendency to fit us for the du-  
ties

ties of life ; and therefore a multiplicity of affairs furnish the strongest arguments in favour of those sacred institutions, by which pious sentiments are awakened, and moral obligation enforced. My dear good girl, farewell ! I need not tell you that you are beloved with all a mother's fondness, by your affectionate aunt,

HELEN-MARIA STANLEY.

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## L E T T E R    XXXIII.

*Colonel Rivers to Captain Stanley.*

Charlestown.

H O W unfortunate for me is your removal ! Never, Stanley, did I regret your absence more sincerely than at this crisis. How often have you envied me the happiness of possessing the affections of the person on earth so dear to me. O my friend ! I am no longer an object of envy. A prey to the most tormenting apprehensions, my mind is a scene of frightful confusion.

Thrice since you left Charlestown, have I written to my Julia, without receiving a single letter in return ; though mine to my father, sent by the same conveyance, have been regularly answered.

Stanley !

Stanley! what can I think—what ought I to believe? In this dreadful suspense, I can only fear.

When I reflect on the situation of my angel—of my distance from her—of ten thousand possible—nay probable distresses in which at this moment she may be involved, my heart is torn with the most distracting apprehensions. Why cannot I fly to her relief? What can this world afford me, if deprived of my Julia?

From one source of misery I have been hitherto exempted,—from doubts of her fidelity, in whom my soul confides. But now—O Stanley! what horrid shapes does fancy assume to torment me!

It constantly presents to my eyes—a severe tyrannical father,—a too submissive and irresolute mother,—a powerful insinuating rival,—a timid friendless desponding victim. Gracious Heaven defend my Love! and grant me relief from this torturing suspense!

Write to your aunt, I entreat you, without a moment's delay, and try to obtain from her some information concerning the situation of the family at Harwood. Though the misconduct of its possessor places a bar between him and his most respectable neighbours, yet as I remember to have seen your aunt there, she may be able to give us the best intelligence we wish.

Fare-

Farewell! You know you are at all times  
secure of the esteem and affection of

GEORGE RIVERS.

# LETTER XXXIV.

*Mrs. Helen-Maria Stanley to Capt. Stanley.*

YOUR letters, my dear nephew, are always received with pleasure; and by the promptness of my reply to the last, you may judge how desirous I am of the continuance of your correspondence.

Were I inclined to profit by the occasion, you have laid yourself very open to my raillery, by the earnest manner in which you beg to be informed of every particular concerning the family at Harwood. But an event which is soon to take place, has at once so surprised and grieved me, that nothing is more foreign to my thoughts at present than gaiety.

I hope, my dear Harry, you have no nearer interest in these inquiries, than what arises from humanity, and concern for an amiable and unfortunate girl. Unfortunate I must term her, whom any motives whatever can influence to purchase rank and riches, at the expence of peace and happiness; and surely Miss Greville must  
forfeit

forfeit both, the instant she enters into the most solemn of all engagements, with a man of so abandoned a character as Lord Rochdale.

I had frequently of late heard the report of this marriage; but from the high opinion I have ever entertained of Miss Greville, could not suffer myself to believe it possible. Last week, however, I was convinced of its truth.

Having gone to call on Mrs. Greville, and not finding her daughter with her, I enquired after her, and learnt that she was in the garden taking her evening walk. I was obliged to return home soon, so proposed to join her there for a few minutes; but by the time I had reached the end of one of the walks, I perceived her and Lord Rochdale sitting in a little arbour, and engaged in a very earnest conversation. I immediately returned to Mrs. Greville, and was scarce seated when her daughter entered, and on perceiving me, appeared in the greatest confusion. I took no notice of this, because nothing I think can be more rude or ill-timed than raillery on such a subject.

Next day your father dined at Mr. Lovell's, who you know is a near relation of Lord Rochdale's, and heard him affirm that he was to marry Miss Greville in less than a fortnight.

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H

Nobody

Nobody can be more surpris'd at th<sup>is</sup> match than I am ; but such is my esteem of this amiable young creature, that I will not venture entirely to condemn her conduct, till I am better qualified to judge of her motives.

I am sorry you do not approve of my taste in the choice of your seal ; the more so as I had piqued myself on making Socrates the door-keeper of your thoughts.

You alledge his serious countenance will restrain your gaiety. Be assured I meant not to put a seal on your gaiety, but to give a sanction to it ; since I never knew a thought come from your heart, even in its lightest moments, that would not have obtained the approbation of that amiable philosopher ; nor will you, I am persuaded, ever utter one in his company, that would make him ashamed to shew his face. Happy were it for virtue and science, if their votaries were at more pains to cultivate the social feelings ; and if the innocent cheerfulness of their manners shewed that happiness was the fruit of their several pursuits.

Glory at present is your's ; may you be successful, and give pride as well as pleasure, to the heart of

Your affectionate Aunt,

HELEN-MARIA STANLEY.

LET.

## LETTER XXXV.

*Miss Herbert to Miss Greville.*

WHY delays my Julia to write to her friend; the friend to whom she has so long confided every sorrow of her heart? Heaven knows how deeply I feel them, how anxiously I wish to relieve them!

My friendship for you, my dearest Julia, is not (as Seed says) 'a cold and sedentary principle.' Nor can I rest satisfied with the conviction that I am always esteemed, and sometimes remembered by you. No: my heart requires some kind of intercourse with those I love; some pleasing interchange of attentions; some mutual expressions of complacency, by which the sacred flame of amity is nourished and kept alive.

I am charmed with the singular generosity of your excellent Sally.

Mankind, my friend, are dazzled by the splendor of great actions, and suffer those that are good to pass unnoted and unrewarded: But there is an eye that perceives the motives of our actions; there is a hand that registers the most trivial of them; and a day fast approaches, when the secrets of all hearts will be revealed. At that grand, that eventful consummation, how different will be our judgments of what is now passing on this shifting scene! How shall we

despise, as illusive shadows, unworthy of the regard of an immortal being, those empty honours, those dangerous riches, those unsatisfying pleasures, which here are so eagerly pursued at the expence of everlasting felicity! How shall the lustre of what men call great, fade before the light of what God calls good!

These important distinctions are familiar to the penetrating thoughts of my Julia: With singular, with superior goodness, she joins that sweetness and modesty which render it graceful and attractive. The language of your life, my admirable friend, is more eloquent and persuasive in the cause of virtue, than all the arguments that reason can supply: The latter carry conviction to the understanding, but the former deeply interest the heart.—Forgive me if I pain your's, by thus unreservedly expressing what I feel. Yet, why pain you? Has not Heaven constituted praise to be the reward of virtue, and to have a powerful influence in stimulating mankind to the practice of it? Is not the generous soul conscious of an elevating pleasure, whilst indulging itself in offering this tribute to worth? And would you deny me this pleasure, or do you reckon me incapable of tasting it?

Farewell, dearest Julia!—Let the frequency of my letters convince you, that you continually occupy my thoughts,—  
and



and the tendernefs of my friendship obtain  
for me the continuance of your's, which  
is esteemed the first of blessings by

Your devoted

MARIA HERBERT.

## L E T T E R XXXVI.

*Colonel Rivers to Captain Stanley.*

Charlestown.

AT length, my friend, all my hopes of  
happiness in this life are blasted for ever.

Powerful Heaven! and do I live to tell  
you that Julia Greville, the idol of my  
floating soul, the friend, the mistress to  
whom every thought of mine was confided,  
who so tenderly shared—so fondly repaid  
my affection, is ere this time the wife of  
another. The wife! O Stanley—I am  
distracted! the wife of the infamous Roch-  
dale!

You, I know, will still affirm that it is  
impossible. My friend—it is true. This  
very morning the dreadful intelligence was  
conveyed to me by her insolent unpitying  
father, who not only assures me that the  
marriage is to take place, but that it is en-  
tirely a matter of free choice with his  
daughter.

Rochdale! the mean—the contemptible Rochdale—the choice of Julia! It cannot be. Or if it were really so, why should her father write to me? Why accuse me as the controuler of his daughter's inclinations? O Heavens! it is too plain. I have no longer any interest in her heart, else our mutual secret would never by her have been confided to a father, whose authority she well knew would immediately have been interposed, to prohibit all intercourse between us.

At times, my weakness is such that I distrust the evidence of my senses. My soul catches at a bare possibility, and for a moment I fancy I have been in a dream. I have even resolved a hundred times to throw up my commission, return to England, and claim that hand which is mine by the most solemn engagements. Claim her hand, whilst her faithless heart—in spite of tenderness unequalled—of vows awfully sacred—is ungratefully alienated—is basely bestowed on another! No Stanley! my soul disdains the thought.

And can it really be, my friend? Can those eyes that beamed tenderness—that heart which throbbed at my approach—those lips which confirmed my happiness, a thousand thousand times; can they be thus deceitful, thus perfidious? O Stanley, it is—it is impossible! Julia, my injured angel, forgive me!—

*In continuation.*

After four hours passed in agonies inconceivable, I sit down to tell my friend, with a more composed, though most unhappy mind, that I have not now one doubt remaining.

The obstinate silence which Julia has so long observed, in spite of my entreaties, and most tender remonstrances, sufficiently proves that increasing indifference for me, which at length has been succeeded by preference for another. Rank—splendor—riches—she has been unable to withstand. Unhappy Julia! will these fill up the frightful void which the absence of love will occasion in your joyless soul?

When I reflect on the despicable character of him she has distinguished with her preference, I know I ought to blush for my tenderness, and feel every sentiment annihilated, in contempt for her choice of my worthless rival.

But our sentiments, my friend, are not to be changed as suddenly as our opinions. Regret, eternal regret, mingle with my resentment. Resentment! perhaps she is more worthy of my pity!—Perhaps she is herself deceived in the character of him she is about to call husband. O Stanley! every way I look, there is misery. Would it were permitted me to put a period to *that and my existence together!*

What to me are all those splendid advantages ; that fame, affluence, and distinction, so fondly coveted, so dearly possessed? O! what are these to a heart sickening even to death with disappointment?

And why may not death be my refuge, when life is become insupportable?

Pardon, my friend, the ravings of my distracted soul. I know, that Being from whom my existence was derived, and whose laws I was early taught to venerate, can alone recall the gift he bestowed, and dismiss me from the station his wisdom has appointed.

But nature cannot long support such agonizing conflicts as those I suffer. A little while, and death, the refuge of the miserable, will for ever obliterate every painful remembrance.

Farewell, my friend! Excuse my weakness, and pity my sufferings; for you can do nothing more to relieve the wretched

GEORGE RIVERS.

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## L E T T E R XXXVII.

*Miss Greville to Miss Herbert.*

Harwood.

WHEN, O when Maria! shall I cease to address you in the stile of hopeless sorrow? Alas! I must either be silent, or in return

return for all your generous cares to soothe or divert my thoughts, overwhelm your gentle heart with the enumeration of evils, which every day increase, and for which there appears no possible remedy.

Last week my father's creditors met; and enraged at his constant delays, agreed on bringing his estate to an immediate sale. One of the Gentlemen present told the rest, that a young friend of his, who was just come from his travels, and had succeeded to an immense fortune, was looking out for a purchase, and would probably give the preference to this neighbourhood, on account of its vicinity to the Grove; he having been formerly acquainted with Lord Cleveland's family, and my Lord having been appointed one of his guardians by his deceased father. This Gentleman accordingly wrote to his friend, whose name is Sir Charles Mortimer, and who immediately set out from London, in order to take a survey of Harwood.

When the two Gentlemen arrived, my father was abroad; and my dear mother being much indisposed, I was obliged to receive them, and do the honours of the house. Never was I less able to undertake the task. My spirits were so exhausted, that I could hardly speak; and when I did so, my eyes filled with tears, and my heart grew so full, I was every moment in danger of betraying its distress, by my emotion.

The strangers seemed struck with my appearance ; and the melancholy silence with which Sir Charles in particular regarded me, increased my confusion, by shewing me that my attempts to conceal my affliction had been unsuccessful. To deliver myself from this painful restraint, and the burden of forcing conversation, I proposed to accompany the Gentlemen into the garden, from whence they could have a view of the river, pleasure grounds, woods, &c. During our walk, my attention was roused by the manner and conversation of Sir Charles, which accorded perfectly with the singular gracefulness of his person, and a countenance impressed with a serious sweetness, that had something in it extremely interesting.

A modest self-possession, an elegant address, and a superior manner of treating the most common subjects, convinced me that his understanding was excellent, and that he had been accustomed to associate with none but the very best company. Nor was our conversation wholly confined to general and indifferent topics : Sir Charles expatiated on the pleasures and advantages of a country life, and on the charms of domestic happiness, and social intercourse in a manner so judicious and animated, as proved him to have a heart capable of relishing their refined delights.

It was late before my father returned ; yet I had no reason to complain of the tediousness of the hours. The conversation of this Gentleman, so sensible, polite, and every way different from that to which I was accustomed, beguiled my time so agreeably, that I was surprised when the bell rung for dinner. When the conversation became general, I sunk into my usual pensiveness ; I even felt more sad than usual.—Ah Maria ! cannot you divine the cause ? The tender, the polite attentions of Sir Charles, the sighs that seemed to steal from his bosom as often as he looked at my dejected countenance, the softened tone of his voice when he addressed me, all recalled to my mind—what I ought for ever to have banished from it, but strive in vain to forget ! How hard is my fate, Maria ! Resolute in discharging my duty, I struggle to drive the unworthy cause of my constant inquietude from my thoughts ; but though in every other instance, our exertions to become virtuous, tend to make us not only more virtuous, but more happy, in this, alas ! by struggling to forget, we only more deeply rivet both our sorrow and our weakness.

As soon as dinner was over, I arose to retire as usual ; but Sir Charles, who sat next me, entreated me to favour them with my company a little longer, in so earnest a manner,

a manner, that though I excused myself on account of my mother being alone, I added, that if the Gentlemen chose coffee, I should be very happy to meet them in the drawing-room. This speech seemed to give great satisfaction to my father, who, contrary to his constant practice, abandoned his bottle, and attended the Gentlemen to the drawing-room, about an hour after I left them. They then walked out to view the grounds, with which Sir Charles seemed quite charmed; and my father told me that he had invited himself to dine again next day, in order to have some private conversation with him on the affair. Sir Charles came very early; and as my father rides out every morning, I was again called on to entertain him. My former opinion was confirmed, and my esteem even increased by this second interview. The respectful attention with which he treated me, gave me a feeling of self-satisfaction and importance, so different from that of wounded delicacy, and mortified pride, to which I was accustomed, that the natural cheerfulness of my temper conquered in some measure the depression of my spirits; and though I could not entirely shake off my uneasiness, my conversation was easy and unembarrassed.

On my father returning, Sir Charles politely expressed his regret, that business

for



for a while must take place of pleasure ;  
‘ but I will flatter myself, Miss Greville,’  
said he, ‘ that my good fortune to-day,  
‘ in finding you disengaged, is only a pre-  
‘ lude to many other agreeable conversa-  
‘ tions, with which, I hope, you will ho-  
‘ nour me in these delightful scenes.’ I  
curtsied, and withdrew.

The moment Sir Charles was gone, my  
father came into my mother’s apartment,  
with looks of the highest satisfaction, and  
told her, ‘ that Heaven had surely sent  
‘ some good Angel under the form of this  
‘ stranger, for the preservation of him and  
‘ his family.’

After many apologies for an inquiry,  
which Sir Charles assured my father was not  
the effect of a rude or impertinent curio-  
sity, he begged to be informed what was  
his real motive for parting with so beautiful  
a place as Harwood ? My father made no  
scruple to acquaint him with the embar-  
rassed state of his affairs ; when Sir Char-  
les, with a generosity very singular in one  
entirely a stranger, offered to lend him ten  
thousand pounds to pay off his most pres-  
sing debts ; and taking security on the es-  
tate, to let it remain still in his possession,  
provided that by a stricter œconomy in fu-  
ture, he could contrive to live there com-  
fortably with his family. My father em-  
braced the offer with transport, and in two  
days the affair was concluded.

Is there not something wonderfully perverse in the human heart, Maria? A week ago, I thought Sir Charles one of the most agreeable men I ever met with; I conversed with him, with all the ease of an old acquaintance: Now, a painful sense of obligation, an awkward reserve, a timidity, an apprehension—Oh Maria! pity the weakness of your friend, she is ashamed of it herself;—yet this Sir Charles!—I will lay down my pen.

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Were it not that I think it an essential duty of friendship, to discover my heart to you in all its weakness, I certainly would destroy the last sentence. Is it not, Maria, like the foolish and girlish vanity of fifteen, to suspect every man who treats you with attention, of having serious designs on your heart? Those paid me by Sir Charles, were probably the effect of humanity alone; at least of that good-breeding, which leads men, when there is only one woman in company, to distinguish her by more than common civility. I will endeavour to think thus, for to think otherwise would render me most unhappy.

Sir Charles has just been here, and introduced to my dear mother, whose complaints have sensibly abated since she saw my father look pleased and happy. Prepared by his generous conduct to admire

Sir

Sir Charles, every moment seemed to confirm her first impressions of his character; They conversed together; but a certain air of diffidence and restraint, was visible in the manner of my dear parent. Something was spoken of generosity—of obligation; but Sir Charles instantly interrupted her, ‘To me, Madam,’ said he, ‘belongs this language; the friendship of this family will a thousand times repay any little service it may be in my power to render them. I know of no advantages wealth can bestow, if it is not that of atoning for the injustice of fortune, by rewarding real merit, or removing the inquietudes of those we esteem. Alas! the worst calamities are those which lie beyond the reach of its influence.’

My heart, with a deep sigh, assented to the truth of this observation; Sir Charles fixed his eyes on me with a look of tender compassion, while painful consciousness covered my cheeks with blushes.

My mind is somewhat easier since I was relieved from the presence of the odious Lord Rochdale.

The death of an aunt, to whose fortune he succeeds, has obliged him to leave the country, and set out immediately for London; it is a scene much more suitable to his taste, and I sincerely hope will have such powerful attractions for him, as will prevent his returning hither.

I thank

I thank you cordially for writing so frequently. It is not alone for the 'banished lover or absent maid' that Heaven has taught letters, and inspired man with the art of communicating his thoughts to different nations and distant ages. Surely this invaluable gift was allotted him, to expand the social and benevolent feelings of his heart, to extend the influence of his own virtues to others, and derive pleasure and improvement from the communication of theirs:—advantages, which without the aid of letters, he never could have enjoyed.

Improve, then, this valuable privilege, my dear Maria! Describe to me all you hear, and see, and think: Let me enjoy the pleasing conviction, that neither novelty, gaiety, nor grandeur, have power to banish from your heart,

Your real—your faithful friend,

JULIA GREVILLE.

## L E T T E R    XXXVII.

*Sir Charles Mortimer to Mr. Belford.*

Grove.

I CONFESS, Belford, you have reason to complain of my silence, though I am sure you are too just, both to my friendship  
ship

ship and your own merit, to place it to the score of neglect. At once to plead my excuse, and secure your pardon, let me confess, that a sentiment more tender, more powerful, even than that which from our earliest years has united us, now wholly engrosses a heart, which hitherto you alone have possessed.

In my last I informed you, that instead of purchasing the estate I came here to survey, I had the comfort, by a seasonable loan to Mr. Greville, to continue him in his possession; and by that means, I hope, to restore peace to his amiable wife and daughter, whom his want of œconomy, had brought to the verge of ruin.

That daughter, Belford! that charming daughter, has indeed rivalled you in my affections, though not driven you from my thoughts. The first moment I beheld her, I was struck with the modest simplicity of her manners, and still more by a look of settled sadness, that gave to her delicate features an expression which melted my very soul, and awakened there more tender complacence, than I had ever felt for any person at first sight. But what most powerfully attracted me to this amiable young creature, was the striking difference in her behaviour towards me, from that I have generally remarked in girls of her age; *who, bent on conquest, are eager to display* all.

all their charms and accomplishments, and, in their rage to be admired, overlook the important art of pleasing, and thus baffle their own shallow designs.

Think me not severe in this observation. You know I am not usually so to that sex, whose native sweetness and gentleness gives them an influence over us, and an importance in society, which none will deny, but such as are unworthy of being distinguished by their favour. I will confess however to you, from whom I do not attempt concealing even my own foibles, that I have been greatly shocked of late, by advances made me by different ladies, whose youth, education, and sense of propriety, I flattered myself would have prevented a conduct so disgusting. It is really mortifying to one's self-love, as well as highly offensive to one's delicacy, to perceive, that the addition of five thousand a-year, renders one an object of universal attention, and enables the world to discover in the possessor, a thousand good qualities that were entirely overlooked in a man of fifteen hundred.

Perhaps you may allege, that I am too delicate in my notions of female conduct. But let me ask, what happiness can be expected in the married state, without possessing the whole affections of that heart, to which ours is tenderly united? and is this *likely* to be the case, when so powerful a  
rival

rival as avarice has already become master of it?

But to return to the lovely Julia. As I attributed her melancholy to the score of her father's misconduct, and consequent embarrassments, I made no doubt of seeing her spirits instantly recover, when these were so unexpectedly removed. But though, with a modesty and grace, inseparable from youth and innocence, and a delicacy which indicated a very superior understanding, she expressed the deepest sense of her father's obligation to the generosity of a stranger, (as she termed it),—I saw with pain, that, in removing one load from her spirits, I had only in part relieved the amiable sufferer; who, I soon found, was sinking under the daily increasing danger and affliction, of a most unhappy and deserving mother, to whom the ties of nature, were the least powerful of those that attached her.

In how amiable, how exalted a view did this conduct place her! Wholly forgetful of herself, and neglectful of those charms which entitled her to claim the admiration of that heart, which she could not but perceive she had already deeply interested, she devoted her whole cares to her afflicted parent, and never seemed at ease, but when contributing either to her comfort or amusement.

As I was kindly admitted, at all hours, into the apartment of Mrs. Greville, I had opportunity to observe the most minute actions of this angelic young creature; and, with truth, can affirm, that through every one of these, the spotless purity of a soul, uncontaminated by commerce with the world, and the tenderness of a heart formed to be the abode of every generous and benevolent affection, shone with a mild lustre, that rendered their native charms a thousand times more touching, than if they had been displayed with all the advantages of art.

But, before quitting a subject on which I could dwell for hours with increasing delight, I must acquaint you with a circumstance that has just come to my knowledge, and serves to confirm the esteem, as well as tenderness, I feel for Miss Greville.

At the very time when her father's affairs were in the most desperate situation, she was addressed by Lord Rochdale, to whose licentious character, and immense fortune, you are no stranger.

Had either the slightest spark of avarice, vanity, or ambition, lodged in her young breast, the title of Countess of Rochdale would have blown that spark into a flame: But, with a firmness which drew on her the severest treatment from a father, unworthy of such a child, I am assured she rejected him;



him ; at the same time regretting the necessity his vices laid her under of refusing a match, which would have enabled her to relieve the distress of her parents, and indulge the generous propensities of her own feeling heart.

Happy, Belford ! supremely happy the man, who can obtain, by deserving, so inestimable a treasure. Whether this felicity is reserved for your friend, time must determine. My own feelings tell me, that it is impossible to gain such a heart, unless by persevering in that attentive and respectful conduct, which circumstances so peculiarly delicate as hers require. However paradoxical it may seem, I believe it is a truth which observation often confirms, that gratitude in the female heart is a foe to love ; and that the latter is so jealous of his empire there, he dreads even the shadow of a rival.

Adieu. By the length of this epistle, you may judge of the power the tyrant has already assumed over

Your sincere friend,

CHARLES MORTIMER.

*Miss Greville to Miss Herbert.*

Harwood.

So I have infected you with my suspicions ! ‘ You foresee—you are convinced, that

that Sir Charles Mortimer is already my lover.' Ah Maria! what do you foresee then, but more sources of distress springing up to imbitter the little remaining comfort of your ill-fated Julia?

Have you not experienced, when about to lose a friend, that though you could yourself behold the danger with calmness, you were shocked, beyond measure, on perceiving that danger become apparent to others?

Just so it fares with your Julia: Though I have hinted my fears of a preference, which I must ever reckon a misfortune, because unable to return it; yet I have not courage to hear you affirm as certain, what I have only supposed possible.

I wish I had not told you my suspicions. By confirming them, you have given me a consciousness, a restraint, when in company with Sir Charles, that I cannot describe, but feel insufferably irksome. Whenever his eyes meet mine, they cover me with blushes: I tremble if we are left alone. Heavens! should he suspect—should he imagine—should a mistaken compassion for my supposed weakness mislead him.—Maria! how shall I conduct myself in a situation so painfully indelicate?

It is rendered almost insupportable by the behaviour of the odious Rochdale. *With all the insolence of rank, and of those*

those mean souls who derive their claim to distinction from the titles their conduct dishonours, he intrudes upon us at all hours ; and, without the slightest regard to female delicacy, of which indeed he seems to be a very incompetent judge, entertains me with his disgusting gallantry, even in the presence of Sir Charles Mortimer. Judge how perplexing is my situation at such times, when it is impossible to conceal my uneasiness ; and when the visible difference in my manner of treating Sir Charles, must naturally confirm his suspicions of a preference in his favour.

But what redoubles all my embarrassments, is the distress of my dear mother. Sir Charles's partiality cannot escape observation like hers : And though she has never once hinted her suspicions to me, a thousand trifling circumstances not only betray them, but indicate also an anxious wish, to discover whether this partiality be reciprocal.

When I reflect, that not only my own, but my mother's happiness, might be secured, by an union so highly advantageous, I am conscious that I ought to endeavour at least to be sensible—to be grateful. Ah Maria ! could the convictions of the understanding regulate at once the feelings of the heart, the sentiments of mine would accord with my duty, and the wishes of  
my

my beloved parent, whom to render happy is my supreme desire. But in proportion as my reason acquiesces in the propriety of such a step, my heart revolts from the idea with horror.

After all, Maria, is it not unjustifiable in a woman, from any motive whatever, to become the wife of one man, whilst she is conscious of entertaining a preference for another? Ah! why, why should this be the unhappy lot of your friend! By what strange fatality is it, that we cannot love whom we highly esteem; and continue to remember—to pity—to deplore, whom we ought to renounce, forget, and despise?

You tell me, that time will blunt even the keenest sorrow. Perhaps it may be so; but your unhappy Julia has hitherto been a stranger to its healing influence. The grief we experience for the death of our friends, finds its own cure in the violence of its expression, and even in the hopelessness of relief: necessity often furnishes a remedy, when all others fail. But what remains for us, when forced by pride, by delicacy, to conceal the killing anguish inflicted by the unkindness of those we love? When, even amidst our grief, resentment, and despondency, hope, at times, finds access to the heart, and keeps alive there those various sentiments, which agitate and disturb, but never can be entirely extirpated.

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I will not injure your friendship, by apologising for thus constantly renewing my demands on your sympathy; or suppose it necessary to assure you, that, with gratitude proportioned to your kindness, and esteem due to your merit, I am inviolably yours,

JULIA GREVILLE.

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L E T T E R   XXXVIII.

*Sir Charles Mortimer to Mr. Belford.*

Grove.

THE anxiety you express about an affair which so deeply interests my heart, and on the success of which my whole happiness must now depend, is of a piece, my dear Belford, with your whole conduct towards me. How inestimable a blessing is a friend, to whom one can impart every disquieting thought; from whom one is ever secure, both of advice and sympathy!

Though I have been at the utmost pains to develope them, I am still greatly at loss with regard to Miss Greville's sentiments. The gentleness and affability of her manners, at first inspired me with hopes agreeable to my wishes: but after the most watchful attention, I can find nothing to confirm them, or give me ground to

live, that I have inspired her with any other sentiment than that of esteem.

It is impossible that the ardour of mine can entirely escape her observation; but with much pain I remark, that the moment any expression betrays the state of my heart, the ease of her manner is exchanged for a cautious reserve; her looks express the disturbance of her soul; and a certain air of timidity and restraint too plainly discovers, that she dreads being made acquainted with a passion, which she feels it impossible to return.

With all this, however, the artless testimonies I receive of her esteem, certainly give room for hope. Perhaps, my friend, the persecution she has lately suffered, on account of Lord Rochdale, may render her fearful of again awakening her father's resentment.

Ah Belford! how little does she know the soul of your friend, if she suspects him of a conduct that would occasion her uneasiness! If she believes he wishes to obtain any other right to her heart, than that which the most tender and disinterested affection would establish;—if she thinks he aspires to her preference, with any other view, than that of securing his own, by promoting her felicity.

The extreme dejection of her spirits, and at times the absence of her manner, and  
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stifled sighs that steal from her bosom, would almost tempt me to believe, that some tender—some unfortunate attachment, had made an impression there, that nothing was able to remove. This suspicion was first excited, by a trifling circumstance, which I shall relate to you.

On coming one evening into Mrs. Greville's apartment, where I usually found her charming daughter at work, or reading aloud to her mother, I was alarmed at her absence, and hastily enquired whether she was ill? I really do not think Julia in such perfect health as I could wish, replied she, though, from fear of injuring mine, she persists in concealing from me the cause of her uneasiness. Is she gone abroad? demanded I. I have insisted on her walking in the garden, returned Mrs. Greville, as the evening is delightful.

May I be permitted to follow and enquire after her, Madam? said I. Certainly, Sir Charles; and you will greatly oblige me, if you will try to persuade her to remove my anxiety, by allowing me to consult Dr. H—, which she has hitherto opposed with an earnestness very unlike her gentle temper, and extremely distressing to me.

I will obey you with pleasure, my dear Madam, returned I. But is there no danger of Miss Greville considering this intrusion as officious? None at all, Sir, replied she:

she : Julia esteems you as you deserve, and will never place any action of yours to a wrong motive ; far less one which she must see proceeds entirely from the anxiety of a mother.

On entering the garden, I looked round in vain for Miss Greville ; but, as it is very extensive, and a thick grove of trees intercepted the view of the lower part, I walked slowly through these, when, on making another stop, I perceived the lovely mourner seated in a little arbour, pale and languishing ; her head resting on one hand, and holding in the other a letter, which she seemed to peruse with much emotion, and was obliged often to lay down, to wipe away those tears that streamed from her downcast eyes.

Never did I behold a more affecting spectacle. I stood some moments irresolute, whether to intrude on her at a time so distressing, or to return to the house. Impelled by an irresistible curiosity, to discover the source of her sorrows, and a fond wish to alleviate them, I was about to advance, when raising her eyes from the letter, she perceived me standing in an attitude of astonishment. She started up, and, with a face covered with blushes, and a look of the utmost confusion, hastily put the letter into her pocket ; and approaching me with a bashful and hesitating air,  
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endeavoured to accost me with the usual compliments ; but the words died on her lips, and she remained silent.

I was almost as much disordered as herself. After pausing to recover myself, I fear, Miss Greville, said I, I am an unwelcome intruder. Pray, may I request to know whether you have received any bad news in that letter which seemed to occasion you so much distress ?

A deeper blush overspread her averted face, and she replied, in a low and tremulous voice, " The distressing circumstances contained in that letter, Sir, are long since past, and ought to be forgotten for ever." There was something in her manner of pronouncing this sentence, that precluded all farther enquiry.

I then informed her of her mother's anxiety, and apprehensions about her health, and, with all the tender concern I felt, urged her to comply with Mrs. Greville's request. With the most engaging sweetness, she replied, I am truly grateful to you, Sir Charles, for your obliging care of my health, which I assure you is perfectly good. My dear mother's fears have no other foundation, than that depression of spirits which I cannot always shake off; and for which, a thousand circumstances, but too well known both to her and you, Sir, may easily account. Perhaps too a certain feel-

ing—a sense—a too deep and painful sense of favours I can never repay, adds to the number. Oh, Sir Charles, it is delightful to generous minds to confer obligations; but you know not—you never can know, how painful it is in some situations to receive them.

On her saying this, she cast down her lovely intelligent eyes, which spoke still more plainly her meaning.

For the first time in my life, I presumed to take hold of her hand, on which a tear had fallen in silence, and pressing it to my lips—I will not affect to misunderstand you; most admirable of women, said I; but if you would not make me miserable, do not, I conjure you, do not again mention the word obligation. What gift in the power of fortune to bestow, can equal the value of your friendship—your esteem; my Julia, let me say your tenderness! I paused, afraid I had gone too far. On searching in her mild eyes, for her reply, I found no resentment there, but saw a deadly paleness instantly succeed the blushes occasioned by the former part of our conversation. She heaved a deep sigh, then looking up to me with the sweetness of an angel—Be assured, Sir Charles, my gratitude, my esteem for you, shall be as lasting as that life which your friendship will serve to endear.

Full of this affecting interview, and ardently desirous of discovering whether my  
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suspensions were well founded, I begged Miss Greville to remain a few minutes, till I should return, and give her mother an account of my embassy. After assuring that tender parent, that her fears were without foundation, I ventured, though in the most delicate terms, to hint my own.

The retired manner in which Julia has spent her life, said this amiable woman, has rendered her a stranger to the company of younger persons of her sex; unless such as were little calculated to make any impression on a heart of such delicacy as hers. Indeed I am convinced, that the only sentiments she harbours there, are such as too fondly endear her to mine; and that her melancholy has no other source, than those which are too apparent to the world, and must be deeply felt by one so strongly impressed with a sense of filial duty, and so fearful of losing a mother endeared to her by every tie.

Miss Greville entering, put an end to this discourse, which entirely removed my former suspicions. She rallied her mother with great sweetness, on her resolution of making her sick by mere force of argument: 'Your opinion weighs so much with me on all occasions, my dear Madam, added she, that you really must not persist in it any longer, lest I should at last be persuaded both out of my health and senses.'

We passed the rest of the evening most agreeably. Miss Greville appeared more easy and cheerful than usual. Perhaps, Belford, I have been mistaken, in ascribing to indifference, what was the effect of bashfulness alone.

In polite circles, girls of Miss Greville's age soon exchange their natural timidity, and delicate reserve, for that air of the world, as it is called; that mixture of boldness and familiarity, which is entirely opposite to the female character; and disgusting even in ours.

The fluency with which they descant upon trifles; their extravagant modes of expression; their impetuosity and keenness, 'whilst with a vengeance they commend or blame,' are all so strikingly contrasted by the modest, gentle, unassuming manners of the lovely Julia, that it is not surprising, I should misconstrue appearances which are so new to me.

Again I repeat, it is from time and perseverance, I must hope to obtain that certainty, which I now find is essential to the peace, as well as happiness, of

Your faithful friend,

CHARLES MORTIMER.

## L E T T E R XXXIX.

*Miss Greville to Miss Herbert.*

Harwood.

WHY does my gentle Maria pain my heart, by declining to accept of the trinkets I sent her, and for which, it is probable, I shall no longer have any occasion?

You talk of obligations, Maria! This is not the language of friendship. It is for me to adopt this style; but I speak not of favours, nor wish to return yours, otherwise than by putting it in your power more and more to oblige me. I may be wrong; but it appears to me the only proper return which one generous mind can make to another. To receive a favour with a good grace, requires a certain greatness of soul, which our natural pride, and love of independence, render it very difficult to exercise. But that is surely an unbecoming pride, which makes us revolt against obligations, conferred by those we esteem, and wish to render happy. I ought not to blame you, however, for under-rating those you have bestowed on me, because you are ignorant of the value of such kind attentions, to a heart so deeply wounded.—May you never be able to judge of it by experience!

Sir Charles, who resides at the Grove, continues to visit us frequently. He speaks in the highest terms of that worthy family, and I heard him one day, when in company with my father, bestow the greatest encomiums on Mr. Rivers, with whom he was at college. My father looked grave, fixed his eyes on me, and immediately changed the subject. I have conversed on several occasions with Sir Charles, and always find new reason to admire the nobleness of his sentiments, and benevolence of his heart. Had mine been in my power to bestow, I am sure I never could have found an object more deserving, both of my esteem and tenderness. But that wayward heart, Maria, seeks only for reasons to justify its indifference to a man who evidently beholds me with partiality, and treats me, on all occasion, with such respectful attention, as demands my utmost gratitude.

I never felt myself more at a loss with regard to the conduct I ought to pursue than at present. Averse to give pain, and incapable of ingratitude, I cannot treat Sir Charles with that coldness and distance which, to be truly generous, I ought perhaps to assume. Sometimes I flatter myself that I am mistaken, and that good breeding, friendship, or humanity alone dictates those attentions he pays me. Ah,

Maria !

Maria! fain would I think thus; but the feelings of this apprehensive heart, too well convince me of the nature of his. The same watchful regard to my slightest comfort or convenience; the same lively pleasure in obliging me; the same anxious solicitude about my health; the same constant desire to render me happy; in short, the same ardent passion which in Rivers taught me to love, in Mortimer teaches me to fear.—Alas! have I not cause to fear? Has not this fatal, this delusive tenderness already occasioned me severer pangs, than can arise from any other species of disappointment? Every time I think of the possibility of sacrificing the peace of this excellent young man, and deceiving him, perhaps, by my unguarded conduct, my heart sickens with self-reproach. Who should be so watchful over the peace of others, as one who knows its full value, by its long absence from her own bosom? Who should be so averse to that fatal passion, as she who has suffered so cruelly by its indulgence?

With your usual sense and goodness, think for me, and advise me, my ever-amiable friend; for indeed at present I am unable to think for myself.

Perhaps some fortunate, some unforeseen circumstance may occur, and deliver me from my difficulties; at least I will hope

So..

so. Often, when our prospects are most gloomy, and our way most perplexed, that unseen hand, which directs the course of all human affairs, is stretched out for our deliverance, and conducts our steps to safety and peace. Conscious of the rectitude of my intentions, I commit the issue of my conduct to that Being, whom it is my unfeigned desire to please; who will confirm the good resolutions he inspires, and never forsake those that trust in him. Adieu, dearest Maria, adieu.

JULIA GREVILLE.

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## LETTER XL.

*To the same.*

Harwood.

AH, Maria! there is no longer a possibility of shutting my eyes to the truth. An accident last night, of a very singular nature, led to the discovery of those sentiments, which I have long suspected were the springs of Sir Charles's generous conduct. Yet let me not be unjust, amidst that anguish and perplexity, he has unknowingly occasioned me. Compassion alone suggested the relief of my father; the plan he proposed with that view, was concerted before we had passed an hour together.



together, and executed almost as soon as concerted.

Goodness, like his, is so singular, that, not being able to account for it on the principles that actuate the generality of mankind, we are base enough to derive it from motives which greatly lessen, if not destroy its merit.

The evening being remarkably fine, Sir Charles begged permission to attend me on horseback, to view a cascade of an extraordinary height, and beautiful appearance, about five miles from hence, which falls over a rock with vast rapidity; part of which is broken into such a variety of shapes, as present the most romantic and agreeable images. The scenery around is remarkably wild and picturesque, and finely suited to the sublime ideas which, in such a place, one is naturally led to indulge. We committed our horses to our attendants, and descended, though with a good deal of difficulty, to view the cavern into which the torrent falls. The prodigious noise, occasioned by the cascade, prevented the possibility of conversing. We were, therefore, obliged to express our mutual admiration by looks and signs.

Having satisfied our curiosity, we were about to return, when our attention was again recalled, by one of the most striking figures I ever beheld. It was a genteel  
young

young woman, dressed in a white linen gown, without any ornaments. Her fine features were shaded with a straw hat in the simplest form, which heightened the extreme delicacy of her complexion. She stood leaning against one of the rocks, and, with a pencil and small paper-book in her hand, appeared to be taking some sketches of the surrounding landscape, which indeed was suited to the genius of a Salvator. At her foot sat a beautiful girl, seemingly about four years of age, watching a little dog, who lay asleep by her side. Her lap was filled with wild pinks and daisies, which profusely enamelled the turf; and she had taken off her bonnet, which she was ornamenting with these, in a very pretty and fanciful manner.

Our astonishment could only be equalled by our pleasure, on beholding this little-group. The appearance of this stranger, in a place so very retired, excited in us the most ardent curiosity; and, though I was unwilling to intrude upon her, I stopped a while, in hopes she might look up. The sweet child, unnoticed by her mother, who was intent on her work, and prevented, by the noise of the water, from hearing her stir, got up, and running to the side of the bank which hung over the river, her foot slipped, and she fell down.

Sir Charles, with a speed like lightning, flew to the relief of the child; whose clothes,

clothes, having fortunately caught hold of the root of a tree, was prevented, by that circumstance, from drowning. The poor mother, on raising her eyes, and missing the child, flew, almost frantic, to the brink of the precipice; from whence she had the comfort of seeing her little darling in safety, in the arms of Sir Charles, who, with looks of sincere pleasure, restored her to those of her trembling mother.

She raised her fine eyes to heaven, and thanked God for his almost miraculous preservation of her child. She next endeavoured to express her gratitude to her benefactor; but, on seeing me, she started, turned pale, and trembled so violently, that I was afraid of her fainting. When she a little recovered herself, she withdrew her eyes from me, as if afraid of giving me pain; made the most graceful acknowledgments for our humanity; and expressed sincere regret for the trouble she and her child had occasioned.

Sir Charles politely offered her his arm, to assist her in climbing the hill, and requested me to accept of the other. When we reached the top of it, "My little cottage, Sir, said she, is hard by; and though I am ashamed to ask a lady and a gentleman of your appearance to visit it, I shall think myself still further indebted to your goodness, if you will deign to accept of  
such

such simple refreshment as I can offer.” The genteel manner in which this speech was delivered, only added to the desire we had to inform ourselves further as to the name and situation of this elegant and interesting stranger.

During our walk, I observed her eyes often fixed on me, with a look of earnest sorrow, that exceedingly affected me; and, on hearing Sir Charles pronounce my name, she seemed quite amazed, and suddenly exclaimed, “Bless me, Madam! is not Clifford your name? I could not help imagining, from the striking resemblance, that you were sister to”—here a faint blush overspread her cheek, and she stopped.—Indeed, Madam, replied I, there is none of my connections who bear that name.

My father is Mr. Greville of Harwood, about five miles from hence, where I would be very happy to see you, and improve the accident of this morning, to the purpose of making us better acquainted with each other. Again a blush covered the face of the stranger; she heaved a deep sigh; but answered only with a courtesy.

By this time we reached her dwelling, which resembled the habitation of some aerial, rather than terrestrial being. Every thing around it wore the air of enchantment. It was covered with thatch, and *situated* on the brow of a beautiful little  
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eminence, embroidered with daisies, and inclosed with a hedge of sweet-brier. At the bottom ran a brook, which divided the inclosure from a small garden, filled with herbs, roots, and flowers.

Both Sir Charles and I expressed our admiration of this delightful spot; but the vivacity of our emotions was checked by that air of melancholy which seemed to have taken possession of the stranger.

Having begged our excuse a few minutes, she retired, and left us at liberty to examine the furniture of her apartment.

It was elegant, and nicely clean. A fine enamelled watch hung over the mantle-piece. A piano-forte, and a neat mahogany book-case, filled with a pretty assortment of books, increased our astonishment, and excited, I believe, in both our minds, some suspicions no way to the advantage of our hosts.

She returned with no other attendant than the sweet little child, who carried some cake on a waiter, whilst her mother brought some fruit in one hand, and a basin of cream in the other.

“ My remote situation, said she, (being several miles distant from any town or neighbour, except the farmer, who supplies me with such provisions as the country affords), must plead my excuse for presenting my guests with such homely fare;  
but,

but, should they ever honour me with another visit, I hope I shall be able to entertain them in a manner more suitable to my sense of their goodness."

After having accepted this simple treat, with all the complacency such hospitality demanded, we rose to take farewell of our elegant hostress. "I shall certainly direct my airings often this way, said I, since you, Madam, obligingly assure me, that I shall be made a welcome guest at this delightful cottage. Pray, may I request to know the name of its obliging mistress?" My name, Madam, replied she, is Clifford.—So saying, we parted; and I returned home so full of my morning's adventure, that I immediately communicated it to my mother.

I was both surprised and mortified, at the calmness with which she listened to my narration, and the praises I bestowed on this fair unknown. "It is one unhappy effect, my dear, said she, of an extensive knowledge of the world, to render us cautious and suspicious, and to check that sweet benevolence, that glows in the bosom of uncorrupted youth."

I do not wish to repress, but to regulate your sentiments, by the prudence which experience supplies.

Always believe the best you can of your *species*; but remember, that appearances  
are

are often fallacious, and, if trusted on every occasion, may betray you into error, and even danger. The children of misfortune have a claim, not only to sympathy and relief, but to respect; because they are peculiarly sensible to the wounds inflicted by carelessness or neglect. Small favours and quiet attentions excite a more pleasing and tender gratitude, in minds of real delicacy, than great obligations. We are oppressed with a sense of the latter, and the feeling of conscious inferiority which they awaken, is always painful; but the former is soothing to our self-love, without wounding our pride or generosity.—Splendid actions too, are often the effect of vanity; constant attentions are always the offspring either of friendship or humanity.

In the present case, there appears to me, my Julia, great reason for giving you this admonition.

Mrs. Clifford's situation gives room for unfavourable conjectures. Let us do nothing rashly, but take every prudent method to obtain certain knowledge of her character. I hope she will prove worthy of your esteem. If not, she will, on that very account, be the more deserving of compassion."

In the evening, Sir Charles proposed a walk in the wood; to which I readily con-

consented, being desirous of talking over the affair with him without witnesses.

I plainly see, Sir Charles, said I, that this amiable and interesting stranger is unhappy; nor shall I be at ease till I discover the cause of it. Perhaps want of fortune may occasion her distress; for I remarked she had no servant. Yet, alas! in this case, what can I do more than pity her?—If she is unhappy, I will love her the more; my sympathy perhaps may afford her some relief.

Is it possible, Miss Greville, demanded Sir Charles, looking at me with a kind of mournful earnestness, that your heart can take so lively an interest in a stranger? or that to be unhappy, forms a claim, not only on your compassion, but your love? I blushed, and immediately perceiving to what this question led, answered with some hesitation, “For one of my own sex I certainly feel in this manner, but”—Here I stopped, and Sir Charles, regarding me with diffidence, after a short pause—“I see, amiable Julia, your generous caution—your aversion to give pain: but surely, if to be a prey to continual anxiety, doubt, and apprehension; if to wish for your approbation above all things, yet almost to despair of obtaining your favour; if this *is to be unhappy*, I may at least claim that *pity which you are always ready to bestow* on



on the unfortunate, if I dare not hope for that love, which exalted worth alone can deserve." Oh! Sir Charles, I replied, in the utmost agitation, talk no more to me in this style: you will for ever destroy that friendship and confidence which at present subsists between us. "No, dearest Miss Greville, interrupted he, with vivacity, I would only render that friendship more animated and secure, but uniting it with the best affections of our souls. Fortune, believe me, was never the object of my wishes; but, if permitted to share it with you, I shall then regard it as a peculiar blessing, as it will supply pleasures to that enlarged and benevolent heart, whose slightest wish, it would be my constant study to prevent!"

I know not what answer I made to this speech. It threw me into such perplexity and distress, that Sir Charles, perceiving the anguish of my mind, strove to relieve me, by changing the conversation. He again resumed the subject of Mrs. Clifford, and asked, whether I would not go and make her another visit? I think your next, said he, should be without witnesses; as the presence of a third person may throw a restraint on your conversation. When you choose to go, I will attend you to the cottage, and return for you, after lengthening my ride.

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I was much pleased with this instance of Sir Charles's delicacy, who, I plainly perceived, entertained the same suspicions that I did, and perhaps wished me at once to be satisfied with regard to the propriety of continuing my connection with Mrs. Clifford.

I thanked him for his polite offer to escort me; and telling him, I would gladly accept of it on some future occasion, we parted for the evening.

Never, Maria, never have I experienced a state of more distressful irresolution than at present. You say justly, Never can I hope to enter the marriage-state with fairer prospects; never shall I meet with a man of more real worth, and amiable manners, and unexceptionable character, than Sir Charles Mortimer. Yet ah, my friend! is it possible that you, you to whom all the weakness of my soul has been confided, should urge me to marry Sir Charles? Believe me, I shudder with horror at the bare idea of such injustice. What! in return for the most generous and tender affection, the most unsuspicious and confiding friendship, should I bring to the bosom of a husband, a heart yet bleeding with recent perfidy, subject to grief, resentment, and endless regrets; labouring, perhaps ineffectually, to forget or conceal the past, without being able to enjoy the present; the source of care and anxiety, instead of

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comfort and joy ; the destroyer, instead of the preserver of his peace ! Oh, Maria ! it must not, cannot be.

I greatly fear, the endeavours of Sir Charles, to save my father from ruin, are all in vain. Never, surely, was infatuation equal to his ! On going down stairs this evening, I found a man waiting for him at the door, with a couple of fine hunters, which he had just purchased. My mother once more attempted, though in the gentlest manner, to remind him, that it was no longer our own fortune, but that of Sir Charles Mortimer, on which we should incroach, if we continued to live beyond our income. My father replied to this remonstrance, in a manner so indecent, that I will not shock you with the repetition. Alas, Maria ! where shall I look for relief ? I am surrounded with dangers, which I have neither strength to conquer, nor skill to elude. My mind is distracted with opposite and contending passions. I am doubtful of the path I ought to pursue ; and perhaps unable to pursue it, if known. Pray with me, dearest Maria ! O pray that Heaven may direct your friend ; for she is bewildered in a labyrinth, from which she sees no way left to escape, Adieu.

JULIA GREVILLE.

LET.

## L E T T E R XLI.

*Miss Herbert to Miss Greville.*

London.

NO, my Julia, no: Your friend would not urge you to marry Sir Charles Mortimer, were she not confident, that such an union would prove the means of your lasting and mutual happiness. I would not have you carry fear, sorrow, and constraint, into the bosom of an affectionate husband; but I would have you learn, by giving scope to the natural tenderness and generosity of your heart, to exchange these painful feelings, for esteem, confidence, and even love itself.

Start not, my amiable Julia! If seeming worth in Rivers, even on short acquaintance, could make so deep and lasting an impression on that gentle heart, what effects will not the daily discovery of real goodness in Mortimer produce there, and tender affection, of which you will be the sole object, through a long and happy life?

I know that such a heart as yours, cannot long exist without an object; and am persuaded, that the gratitude excited by a conduct so noble and disinterested as that of Sir Charles, would be a security, not only for your conduct, but your sentiments.

It was your misfortune to be placed in circumstances, that left no room for the exercise of your usual prudence, and which compelled you, as it were, to follow, where the first generous impulse of your nature led the way. You allowed your heart to determine in favour of a man, whose merits your judgment had not weighed; and of whose temper, the most essential circumstance in the matrimonial union, you had no opportunity of acquiring a thorough knowledge.

Look back, my beloved Julia, on the fatal consequences of sudden prepossessions, and thank Heaven which affords you an opportunity of weighing with impartiality, and determining with prudence. I know your soul would spurn the dishonest thought, of forming the most important of all connections from prudential motives alone. Yet surely, in your very peculiar circumstances, these should be allowed their proper influence in determining your conduct.

- Surely the comfort of a fond and afflicted mother, the happiness of a sincere respectable lover, the enlarged power of doing good, and of becoming an exalted pattern of all those virtues which at present you can only love and admire, ought to have much weight with benevolence and rectitude like yours.

Above all, the security of being placed beyond the reach of those shocking insults, and daring outrages, to which youth, beauty, and dependence, expose our helpless sex.

But, though I wish to suggest, I do not mean to urge you. Too sacred do I hold that most solemn of all engagements, to wish my Julia should form it, unless she should be conscious of such a preference for Sir Charles, as would enable her to bestow her hand without reluctance. After all, my beloved friend, it is your own feelings, your own sense and delicacy, that must fix your resolution on the present occasion.

I am anxious to learn something more of the fair recluse. I need not desire you to write soon; for your indulgence keeps pace with the wishes of your truly affectionate

MARIA HERBERT.

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## L E T T E R XLII.

*Miss Greville to Miss Herbert.*

Harwood.

OH, Maria! what a tale have I to unfold! and how unable am I for the task! How my heart sickens at the vices of the world

world—how it sighs to escape from its sorrows! Surely, my dearest friend, it is justly termed a valley of tears. For one day passed in tranquil enjoyment, how many do we waste in bitterness and sorrow! Nor are even the most serene entirely free from clouds and storms. From the cradle to the grave, man is liable to accident, exposed to misery, and tributary to affliction.

I wonder not at the anxiety you express to be made acquainted with my unfortunate recluse. She is indeed one of the most amiable and engaging of women. As I really wished to be at liberty to visit her alone, I set out earlier than usual on my morning's expedition. When I reached the cottage, I found her seated at work, with the same appearance of neatness as formerly; but, being without a hat, I had now a better view of her fine, though faded face, which had an expression of the most pathetic sorrow in it, I ever beheld.

She thanked me, with eyes, full of tears, for so soon fulfilling the promise I had made, of revisiting her cottage. I have no companion here, Madam, said she, but my little Clara; and her innocent prattle is at times, too affecting for my weak spirits.

I am sorry, Madam, replied I, to see a person of your appearance and education, *in a place so mean and obscure*; and I hope

you will impute the question to a better motive than curiosity, when I presume to enquire the cause of your living in this manner! Indeed Miss Greville, said she, you are so very gentle and compassionate, that I shall make no scruple to acquaint you with my unfortunate story; though I fear you will not be able to acquit me of great imprudence in the commencement of it. Heaven knows, my punishment has at least equalled my error!

My father has a small estate in York-shire; and, having several other children, to avoid the expence of their education, I being the eldest, he enlarged the plan of mine, that I might the better assist in instructing my sisters. An aunt, who had been my god-mother, and promised to make me her heir, usually invited me to spend some weeks with her before the races. About five years ago, I accordingly came to York, to partake in the amusements of that gay season, when one night, at the assembly, it was my misfortune to be seen by a gentleman of the name of Clifford; who, being pleased with my appearance, got himself introduced to me as a partner, by one of the company. He was remarkably assiduous in his attentions to me; and, though considerably older, had something so insinuating in his manner and conversation, that I made no scruple to ad-  
mit



mit his visits at my aunt's, after having acquainted her with the name of the person by whom he was introduced to me. He soon became my professed lover; but, telling me, that his whole dependence was on an uncle, from whom he had very high expectations, he entreated me to conceal our attachment from my aunt. After a thousand arts to insinuate himself into my confidence and affection, in which he was but too successful, he came one day in great haste to inform me, that his uncle was suddenly taken ill; and conjured me, as the last proof of that tenderness I had confessed for him, to consent to a private marriage, and accompany him to——shire, where the death of his uncle would soon set him at liberty to avow his choice to the whole world, as well as enable me to be-friend and assist my father's family.

My utter ignorance of that world, Miss Greville, can alone excuse my rash credulity. That very evening, having prepared every thing for my elopement, I left the house of my kind relation, met him at an inn, where we were married by a clergyman of his acquaintance, and set off immediately for ——shire.

He brought me to this cottage, which was only inhabited by an old woman, who continued to act in the capacity of my servant. Pretending to receive letters, ac-

quainting him with his uncle's recovery, he told me it would be absolutely necessary for us to conceal our marriage for a little while. To this I cheerfully consented, having no suspicion of his honour, and finding all my happiness in promoting his.

He frequently left me, but always returned with redoubled fondness. He purchased these books, a piano-forte, and every thing that could promote my amusement. Six months passed in this agreeable manner, without any thing having occurred to awaken the slightest suspicion on my part. At length he began to leave me more frequently, and to be longer absent from me than at first; and when he returned, I could not help remarking, that he was often thoughtful, and even peevish; and that my cheerfulness and caresses, instead of giving him pleasure as formerly, seemed to be troublesome, or at least insipid to him. It was impossible not to observe so visible an alteration, nor could I help complaining of it; at the same time entreating him to tell me, if there was any thing in my conduct or manner displeasing to him, that he might judge, by my earnestness to amend, that I lived but to please, and make him happy.

Alas! by what arts can we recover lost affection! Neither the complaints of injured confidence, nor the effusions of tenderness

derest love, will rekindle that flame which indifference has extinguished.

From neglect, Mr. Clifford proceeded to harshness and reproach. He accused me of ingratitude for his past indulgence; and even had the inhumanity to complain of my being about to bring expences on him, which he was unable to support. Judge, my dear Miss Greville, what anguish pierced my heart, on occasion of this cruel insinuation. I will not pain yours with too long a recital. Being now far advanced in my pregnancy, I wrote to my father, giving him an account of my unhappy marriage, and entreating him to receive me once more into his house. But he treated my story as a fiction, and me as a victim to my own rashness and credulity. He told me, that there was no such person as my pretended husband; and that regard to his other children, must place an everlasting bar between him and a daughter, who, in return for confidence and indulgence, had brought disgrace upon his family, and weighed down his hoary head with shame and sorrow.

You weep, dear Miss Greville! Would I could weep! But I have shed so many tears, I really think their sources are exhausted.

To add to my severe affliction, my allowance from Mr. Clifford was now be-

come so small, that it could scarce serve to support myself, and the old woman. And when the time of my delivery approached, I was obliged to borrow a trifle from the farmer's wife, whom I have formerly mentioned, and whose family forms all my society in this dreary solitude.

Soon after the birth of my daughter, Mr. Clifford came to visit me; and brought with him a gentleman, with whose face I thought I was not entirely unacquainted, but could not recollect where I had seen him. As I did not remember ever to have heard his name before, I paid no attention to this circumstance. I was not a little surprised to see him return the next day without Mr. Clifford; and still more, to be addressed by him in a style of the most insolent and disgusting gallantry. I was extremely shocked; but he treated both my reproaches and complaints with the utmost calmness. And when I threatened to acquaint my husband with his insolent and treacherous behaviour, he burst into a loud laugh, and told me, with the most daring effrontery, "that I might make myself quite easy on that score, as the same clergyman who united, could at any time divorce us."

At that dreadful moment, the shocking truth flashed on my mind. I instantly recollected; that this was the very person who  
had

had married us, and who had doubtless assumed the sacred habit, in order to betray me to shame and utter ruin.

"I am no clergyman, my dear, continued he, but a young nobleman, with a great estate; fond of you to distraction, and willing to make you live, not only in ease, but splendor..

"You have nothing more to hope from Clifford. In plain terms, he is tired of you, and you will never see him again.

"But come, my sweet girl, continued he, in a wheedling tone. Throw aside that moping melancholy air; do justice to these pretty features, and accept the favours which fortune now proffers you with liberal hand. I will carry you up to town, where plenty and pleasure, love and joy, await you."

Nothing but that astonishment, which deprived me of all utterance, could have kept me silent during this shocking harangue. At length I recovered the use of speech; and, though I knew complaint was vain, vented the intolerable anguish of my mind in a torrent of reproach. Quite exhausted at length with the violence of my distress, I sunk down on a couch in a state of insensibility, approaching to that of death. Happy, had the extremity of my wretchedness put a period to my being. *Alas! for what trials is it still prolonged!*

A flood of tears came at last to my relief. But my inhuman persecutor, unmoved with the agony he saw me suffer, continued to insult me with his detestable proposals; till tired of my complaints, and quite hopeless of success, he went away, and left me abandoned to every species of wretchedness, except that which is inflicted by the consciousness of guilt. Sensible, however, that my own credulity had undone me, this reflection embittered all my sufferings, by continually reminding me, that they might have been prevented. Oh! happy men, who can lose, in the tumult of business, or succession of pleasures, the anguish of disappointment, and the stings of self-reproach!

I wrote to Mr. Clifford, and directed my letter as formerly, to be left at the post-office at —, conjuring him to take pity on my misery, and send me something for the support of myself and child. I was long without receiving any answer. At length he wrote, to inform me, that if I would agree to confine myself to my cottage, and a mile round it, he would allow me ten pounds yearly for my support; but if ever I were found walking beyond the limits prescribed, or making enquiries after him, I should forfeit my annuity, and incur his everlasting resentment.

What could I do, my dear Miss Greville? I accepted these hard terms; and

with the aid of the Lord, I shall be able to  
live at home in the future, and my  
my poor mother, who is now  
completely blind, and is the mother  
of her father, and is the mother of her  
mother, I shall be able to live at home  
to continue to live with her, and I  
exposed to the world, and I shall be  
all-wise in the future, and I shall be  
trust, make her mother's life  
happier than the mother.

For a year past, I have been thinking of  
Mr. Clifford, and how much I have  
dependent on my mother, and how much  
The father's wife, having a son, and  
don married to a father, and I have  
me with work, and I have been  
my little handkerchief, and I have been  
dery. But after all, my mother, and  
worn out my mother, and I have been  
dreadful prospect, and I have been  
leaving my mother, and I have been  
world, without any other, and I have been  
prey to such arts as mine, which deceived  
and betrayed her mother, and I have been  
when blessed with examples of every vir-  
tue before her eyes. Have a moment of  
tears interrupted Mrs. Clifford's narrative;  
and the little Clara, seeing her mother hold  
her handkerchief to her eyes, came  
up, and kissing her hand, "I  
ay, Mamma, said she, or I shall

pray don't. Indeed I will never run away from you, nor fall down that nasty place again." She kissed the sweet prattler, who seemed quite happy, and, looking fondly in her face, cried, "If you won't cry, Mamma, I will never vex you more, and say my prayers, and keep my frock clean, and do just as I am bid;—shan't I, Mamma?" At this moment some person knocked at the door. The sweet child ran to open it, crying, "Don't stir, Mamma; I will be your servant." A country-man came forward, and asked, whether Mrs. Clifford lived here? Being answered in the affirmative, he took something out of his pocket, and presenting it to Mrs. Clifford, "If you be she, said he, here is a letter for you: And remember, Mistress, you have got it safely out of my hands; and you are not for to go for to ask me any more questions."

The honest clown having literally obeyed his instructions, retired; and Mrs. Clifford, opening the letter, read these words: "Heaven is ever just; and virtuous industry is secure of its approbation. If Mrs. Clifford has any suspicions of the channel in which it hath sent her relief, she is earnestly entreated to confine them to her own breast."

Mrs. Clifford's astonishment was so great on reading these words, that she did not perceive a bank-bill, which lay on the ground,



ground, and which, on picking up, I perceived to be for fifty pounds.

She deliberated a few moments how to act. The express prohibition contained in the letter, a while kept her silent ; but as accident had already discovered its contents, she considered herself as in a great measure relieved from it. And when she reflected on the injurious suspicions her concealment might awaken, in a person so much disposed to befriend her, she thought herself fully justified for shewing me the letter. When I had read it, I asked her, if she had any suspicion from whom it came ? None, she replied ; except Heaven had touched the conscience of the young lord, who had treated her so cruelly : “ for as to Mr. Clifford, added she, he has long shown such a niggardly disposition, that I am sure he would not bestow that sum to keep me from starving. But if it indeed come from that unworthy lord, continued she, I will labour with my hands day and night, rather than be indebted to a wretch I have such reason to detest, as well as despise.

“ I am not of opinion, said I, from the style of this letter, that it comes from the quarter you suppose ; but perhaps may soon be able to give you some information on the subject.

Mean time, dear Mrs. Clifford, exert *your utmost* resolution to support a life,  
for

so necessary to the welfare of your beloved child. Console yourself with the innocence and integrity of your heart ; and trust that Being, who is not only powerful to protect, but merciful to support suffering virtue, and who will, at last, eternally reward it.—The poor lady wrung my hand at parting, and told me, that she considered my friendship as the immediate gift of Heaven ; and as such, would ever value, and thankfully acknowledge it. On returning home, I found Sir Charles waiting for me, who gently reproached me for breaking our appointment. As we had not fixed the day, Sir, said I, and as I knew not whether this would be convenient——Ah ! Miss Greville, interrupted he, sighing, had my company been agreeable to you, you would yourself have obviated that objection. I would not wish to intrude on yours, but I can truly say, the only portion of my time I value, is that which I pass with you. You are very obliging, Sir, returned I ; but I really have not the vanity to think my conversation can afford much entertainment to any one, though I have too high an opinion of your integrity to believe you talking to me in the style of unmeaning compliment.

It is a style I never adopt, rejoined Sir Charles, even in the beginning of our acquaintance.

quaintance :—to attempt doing so now, would be an insult to your understanding. No, Miss Greville, I will never forfeit the friendship with which you honour me, and which I value as it deserves, by the slightest violation of that sincerity, which forms my only title to your confidence.

And will you swear, as well as say this, Sir Charles, demanded I gaily?—In any court in Christendom, replied he, in the same tone. Well, take care; for I am going to put you to the test. So saying, I brought pen, ink, and paper, and laying them on the table. I will dictate the oath, said I, and you shall subscribe it. I then took up a pen, and wrote this sentence, “ I sent this morning to Mrs. Clifford of Fairy-hill, the sum of fifty pounds.” Having wrote this, I doubled down the paper, and presenting the blank space for Sir Charles to subscribe—“ How, said he, would you really be so unconscionable, as to require me to set my hand and seal to every thing you desire, even without knowing what it is?” I knew what all your fine speeches would come to, Sir Charles, I replied; do you imagine that I am capable of making an unreasonable requisition?

Well, continued he, with the same gay air, and taking up the pen, I will show you what implicit faith I have in your honour, in hopes that I shall yet meet with

my reward from your generosity. He then signed his name, which I instantly perceived to be in the very same hand with the letter sent to Mrs. Clifford.

Now, Sir Charles, said I, gravely, I have caught you in my toils, and shall certainly punish you as you deserve, for your treasonable practices against friendship. Not only have you sought to deprive me of the knowledge of an action, which you knew would not fail to give me most sincere pleasure; but even to rob my deserving friend, of the praise due to his singular benevolence.

Sir Charles looked amazed, and told me, that it was in my power to make him do any thing, but plead guilty to the crime of voluntarily offending me. Of that, he would maintain his innocence to the last, in the face of all his accusers. Do not, cried I, add obstinate impenitence to premeditated guilt. Hear your charge, and then answer it at your peril.

You, Sir Charles Mortimer did, between the hours of eleven and twelve this morning, send the sum of fifty pounds to Mrs. J. Clifford of Fairy-hill.—Ah! Sir Charles, guilty, upon my honour!

In reality, my suspicions needed no other confirmation, than the confession made by *his animated countenance*, which was instantly covered with crimson.—Surely,  
Maria.

Maria, this ingenious colouring is as becoming in the one sex as the other. I really never saw Sir Charles look so handsome as at that moment.

“ And now, my merciless inquisitor, cried he, let me demand, in my turn, how are you to answer for holding me so long on the rack of suspense, and putting me in mortal fear of your displeasure? I shall certainly appeal to your justice for costs of suit, and insist on your being confined prisoner four hours to the harpsichord.— And further, let me ask, how came you by the very extraordinary information you have just discovered? I greatly suspect some illicit practices.”

I then told Sir Charles of the letter having been delivered in my presence, and the circumstance of the bill dropping out; and having justified poor Mrs. Clifford, begged him to tell me, how he thought of sending so liberal a present to one quite a stranger?

Acquaintance with the world, Miss Greville, said he, leads us to act with a degree of circumspection foreign to an ingenuous mind. I easily saw that the appearance and manners of Mrs. Clifford, were far superior to her situation; and hence was led to suspect, that there was something peculiar in her story. Her extreme dejection, and the modesty she discovered in the course

course of our short visit, convinced me; that I had injured her by my first suspicions; and I could not rest satisfied, till I should make some atonement for my injustice. Last night, instead of returning to the Grove, I rode towards the farmer's Mrs. Clifford mentioned; and having asked to see his wife, begged her to give me what information she could, respecting this unhappy lady.

She accordingly told me her melancholy story, with which, I suppose, you are already acquainted; and concluded, with assuring me, that she was one of the most quiet, industrious, obliging young persons she had ever known. I hope, my dear Miss Greville is now satisfied, that I have properly exculpated myself from the several charges brought against me; and that she will not again condemn me, without a fair hearing.

I expressed the highest approbation of the delicacy, as well as generosity, of Sir Charles's conduct; and could not help saying, that, blessed with such a disposition to do good, he would teach me to envy him the power. "O, cried he, eagerly, rather say, dearest Miss Greville, you will teach me to value, to enjoy that, and every other blessing, by condescending to share them with me." Indeed, Sir Charles, I replied, were our affections always under the command of our reason, you would  
have

have no cause to complain of my insensibility to your worth, and the preference with which you honour me: but esteem and gratitude are the only sentiments I can ever feel for you; and if these will satisfy you, believe me, you may rely upon them.

Your esteem and friendship, returned he, will always make me happier than the love of any other woman; but I dare not make the promise you require. I dare not—I will not promise to abandon the sweet hope, of one day converting that esteem into tenderness. The entrance of my mother, much to my satisfaction, put an end to this conversation; and Sir Charles claiming the accomplishment of my promise, I sat down to the harpsichord, of which he is extremely fond, and sung and played his favourite tunes; for which he thanked me in the most lively and polite terms. Being engaged with company at the Grove, he left us; after having obtained my consent to accompany him next Tuesday, on a visit to our amiable recluse.

And now, Maria, I shall put an end to this long letter. By the minute detail I give you of all that occurs here, you will see, that I confide in your kind, and often repeated assurance, that nothing is uninteresting to you, which concerns your faithful and affectionate

JULIA GREVILLE.

LET.

## LETTER XLIII.

*Miss Herbert to Miss Greville.*

London.

HOW singularly amiable, my dear Julia, is the character of Sir Charles Mortimer! How few of the other sex do we find capable of a conduct so nobly disinterested!—how very few, alive to all the delicacies of that passion, which they universally profess, but rarely feel! Sensibility is the source of that refinement and good taste, by which all his actions are distinguished; and will prove hereafter the means of his unequalled suffering or felicity, according as his present pursuit is successful, or otherwise.

In spite of all the inconveniencies to which it exposes its possessor, a feeling heart is surely to be regarded as the first of Heaven's blessings. Its very pains are pleasing: how exquisite then its joys!—Other qualities are perhaps more essential towards forming the great character, but sensibility never fails to constitute the truly amiable one. The too great indulgence of the tender feelings, however, proves often prejudicial to the exercise of the social virtues. It is only when the former are properly regulated, that they become respectable, by leading to the due discharge of the latter.



I am just returned from hearing our favourite Oratorio performed in St. Margaret's church. I have never before heard that delightful composition, except in the theatre. There, many ideas will irresistibly be raised, by the place, and the behaviour of the audience, that but ill accord with those elevated emotions excited by the Messiah. To-day every circumstance co-operated with the music, to raise the soul to heaven. The purpose of the entertainment was to assist a charitable institution. The dress and deportment of the audience were decent and stayed. The place had no ideas associated with it, but such as were suitable to the occasion; and the minds of all were softened and harmonized by the service of the church, which was performed before the Oratorio began.

The songs were in general well sung. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was exquisitely performed by Miss Harper.—It is certainly one of the most heavenly airs that ever was composed, and gives me a higher opinion of the devotion, as well as genius, of Handel, than I should have formed from all the rest of his works together. It inspires into the heart so joyful a confidence, mingled, at the same time, with a tranquillity so peaceful and serene, that the incumbrances of flesh are for a

moment

moment forgotten, and the entranced soul almost believes herself possessed of the bliss of heaven. My friend, and her present inquietudes, were the first ideas that obtruded themselves, and brought me back to earth. Would that, by sharing, I could lessen them!

That equality of temper, and cheerfulness of mind, on which you have so often congratulated me, is owing more, perhaps, to a happy natural temperament, than to those pious principles to which you ascribe it.

But, though cheerfulness cannot always be maintained, amidst the unavoidable evils of life, there is a peace that may be ours, even while struggling with its heaviest misfortunes; a peace—the concomitant of virtue, which religion alone can give, and only guilt take entirely away.

The great foundation of this invaluable treasure, must be laid in just apprehensions of the divine nature and government. If we consider ourselves as placed by chance in a fatherless world, condemned to subsist desolate and forlorn, a few short years, yet crowded with evils, conscious of desires that must never be indulged, of hopes that can never be accomplished, of wishes that will never be fulfilled; ignorant alike of our nature and origin, of our present interest, and future destination; continually  
offending

offending against the light of conscience, yet knowing no higher rule by which to conduct ourselves; living without comfort, dying without hope;—what peace—what inward satisfaction, can such a destitute being possess?

But if we believe, that we are the offspring of a great and good God, who, by his essential attributes, is present in all places, directing all events, and carrying on, by infinite wisdom, the plan of his divine government to complete perfection; if we believe, that he hath placed us here as on a theatre, where our dispositions must be improved, our actions displayed, our virtues tried, in order to a future retribution; if we know, that, superadded to the feeble glimmerings of nature, he hath caused the glorious light of revelation to arise, to dispel our fears, confirm our hopes, and lead our desires to suitable objects; if we are assured, that all events here, shall combine to prepare us for eternal felicity hereafter,—how can we be otherwise than cheerful—serene, and happy?

Let us habituate our minds, my dearest Julia, to the prospect of that fast approaching future, the awful importance of which will cause the heaviest of our present evils to seem light. Yes, my exalted friend, the time is coming, when piety and benevolence like yours, shall be rewarded with that felicity,

felicity, which, even in this world, they in some measure anticipate; and which shall be the portion of the truly good, through ages that shall never end. Amen, prays your affectionate

MARIA HERBERT.

## L E T T E R XLIV.

*Miss Greville to Miss Herbert.*

Harwood.

IMMEDIATELY after dispatching my last letter, I retired to the garden, to reflect on the various occurrences of the day. I enumerated every little circumstance that could increase my admiration of the delicacy and generosity of Sir Charles. I accused myself of caprice and ingratitude. I looked forward to the melancholy prospects my unhappy father's conduct supplied. I reflected on the transport of relieving distress, encouraging merit, and rewarding industry, which Providence seemed now to offer me. Above all, I deeply felt the cruel disappointment my final rejection would occasion to the affectionate, the disinterested Sir Charles; and if I could not reason myself into a passion for him, I resolved to try at least to conquer my indifference.

difference. At that instant, Maria, I chanced to turn my eyes towards the laurel. It appeared to be drooping; and, would you believe it, my weak heart smote me with something like self-reproach, for daring to think of violating those sacred engagements, which it had formerly witnessed; and which, alas! are now forgotten by him, whose constancy could alone have rendered them binding.

Bewildered in the variety of my own thoughts, I was sitting in the alcove, with my head resting on my hand, and my eyes fixed on the laurel, when I was startled with the sudden appearance of Sir Charles. Supposing he must have been detained by company, till a much later hour, I was about to enquire the cause of this very unexpected visit, when, looking up, I perceived a seriousness in his countenance, so unusual, that it alarmed me. He entered with a paper in his hand, and looking very grave,—‘At length, Miss Greville, said he, fortune is become my friend, and has supplied me with means of accomplishing my long-wished revenge. Little did I suspect the ingenuous, the guileless, the amiable Julia, could be capable of such deep-laid schemes, such consummate art, such concealment,’—‘Bless me! Sir Charles, interrupted I, what is it you mean?’ ‘I mean, Madam, that, to a woman capable

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of thinking and writing in this manner, I never can form any pretensions.'

I was extremely agitated, as well as perplexed, by the solemnity of his manner. I rose eagerly to seize the paper; but he gently with-held it, and taking hold of my hand—'Before I entrust you with this proof of your treason, continued he, you must promise that you will immediately restore it; and, as a pledge of your good faith, allow me to detain this dear hand as a hostage. 'I will promise nothing, said I, with the same air of gaiety, which is demanded in so insolent a manner.' 'Ah, Julia! replied he, archly, have not I a right to demand this? Recollect your own behaviour, and say, if I have nothing to hope from generosity, am I not entitled at least to claim from your justice, the same confidence in my honour, which I reposed in yours?' 'Well, well, said I, smiling, I am your prisoner, and must not stand upon terms.' He held out the paper. Judge of my confusion and astonishment, when I beheld a copy of verses, which I had written just after my first visit to poor Mrs. Clifford, and transcribed this morning, intending to inclose them to my friend, for whose partial and indulgent eye alone they were designed.

'Good heavens! Sir Charles, exclaimed I, how came this paper into your possession?

cession?" "I believe the favour was not intended for me, Madam; and I must thank fortune, and not Miss Greville, for bestowing it upon me." He then turned up the other side of the paper, and shewed it addressed to himself.

To explain this, I must inform you, that having received some books from Sir Charles, which I was about to return, and solicit more, I wrote him a card for that purpose; but being called away, on returning I addressed the cover inclosing the verses, to Sir Charles, and sent the card meant for him to the post-office, without once suspecting my mistake, as they were both folded in the same manner.

Abashed and disconcerted, I knew not what apology to make. Sir Charles perceived my embarrassment, and hastened to relieve me. "Most amiable, most admirable Julia! said he, why, why should you blush, for having discovered to me those superior talents with which Heaven has endued you, and which you ought rather to blush for having so long concealed? Who of all the human race is so disposed to love, to admire them?—Yet it was kindly done: Already the distance between us is too great, and you generously concealed what you knew must increase it, and overwhelm me with self-abasement.

"Ah! would to Heaven, continued he, passionately, that it were permitted me to  
L 2 fulfil

fulfil every wish of that tender, that benevolent heart! that, without incurring the suspicion of interested motives—the censure of a world, whose illiberal maxims I detest”—here he paused, “At least, dearest Miss Greville, continued he, deign to point out to me those children of misfortune, whom you so tenderly commiserate; and teach me, by your example, not only to relieve, but to sympathize with them, and make the sorrows of my fellow-creatures my own.”

This affecting conversation, and the recollection of those which had formerly passed between Rivers and me in this very spot, so entirely overpowered my weak spirits, that I burst into tears. Wholly at a loss to guess the cause of my agitation, Sir Charles remained motionless with surprise.

“I am so little accustomed to tenderness like yours, Sir Charles, said I, that you must not wonder at seeing me affected by it in this manner. Time will render your goodness more familiar to me; perhaps enable me to reward it.”

“My gentlest, my sweetest angel, cried he, transported with joy, I ought not—I will not desire more. Be assured, loveliest Julia, your happiness is dearer to me than life; and I can never taste felicity, that is in any measure incompatible with yours.”

The appearance of my father put an end to  
this



this interesting discourse. At his desire, Sir Charles sent an apology to the Grove, and we past the evening most agreeably. Sir Charles, on this occasion, discovered a vivacity, which rendered his conversation peculiarly entertaining, and, with his usual delicacy, shunned embarrassing me, by any particularity of manner when addressing me. We did not part till late; but I felt so little inclination, that I transcribed the verses inclosed, as I could not doubt of your desire to see them.

I confess to you, my beloved friend, I feel my heart at times so desolate and depressed, that I almost wish it could again be deeply and tenderly interested. Yet I tremble, lest Sir Charles, by his singular merit, should again rivet my affections too strongly to a world, to which at present I feel little attachment, and which is ever most dangerous, when most alluring.

Our fears and our sorrows are always proportioned to our love. Why then should I voluntarily subject myself to the cruel inquietudes, which must ever, in minds of much sensibility, attend that engrossing passion? Adieu, adieu.

JULIA GREVILLE.

## The COMPLAINT. An ELEGY.

Ah! why has Heaven condemn'd me to sustain  
 This grief, for ills I never can relieve?  
 Why must I only weep the wretches pain,  
 Prove the warm wish, yet want the pow'r to give?

Why mark true merit immaturely fade,  
 Uncherished, unprotected, and unknown!  
 Lost in obscurity's remotest shade,  
 The buds of genius blasted soon as blown!

Why must I see unpitied, unredress'd,  
 The cruel injuries of wanton pow'r?  
 Forc'd to conceal the anguish of my breast;  
 Denied to succour whom I must deplore.

Yet Heaven can witness, I ne'er wish'd for wealth;  
 Nor the gay follies of a foreign soil:  
 Ne'er sacrific'd to pleasure, peace, and health;  
 Nor indolence preferr'd to useful toil.

Mine was the wish, far from the world to plan  
 The moral tale, instructive of my kind;  
 To point the best pursuits of social man,  
 And form, by stealth, the uncorrupted mind:

Unnotic'd, to convey the prompt supply;  
 To cheer dull Poverty's obscure abode:  
 To read the language of the grateful eye,  
 Catch the warm praise, and point, as due, to God:

Of youth the kind affections to engage;  
 To nourish tender infancy with bread;  
 With kind compassion cherish feeble age,  
 And give that cordial which I yet may need.

Yet say, is happiness to wealth allied?  
 Had Heaven so will'd, it ne'er had been assign'd  
 To gratify the wish of pamper'd pride,  
 Or work the purpose of the invidious mind.

To tempt the virgin from her parents arms ;  
 To break the sacred bonds of mutual faith ;  
 To satiate frantic Jealousy's alarms,  
 And glut the thirst of fell Revenge with death.

Hence, vain complaints ! hence, and be heard no  
 more ;

Heaven's wondrous plan, to Heaven is only known.  
 Perhaps endow'd with affluence and pow'r  
 That insolence I hate, had been my own.

With pleasure circled, and secure from fear,  
 Perhaps a stranger to each softer tie,  
 I ne'er had known compassion's cordial tear,  
 The thousand cordial sweets of sympathy.

Though wealth by Providence has been denied,  
 Fair is my lot, no niggard bliss is mine ;  
 For I can heal the wounds of honest pride,  
 And teach revenge its purpose to resign.

Can cherish modest merit with applause,  
 With kindness sooth the apprehensive mind ;  
 Can plead with boldness virtue's injured cause ;  
 Or hide the frailties of my feeble kind ;

And oft the anguish of the bursting heart,  
 The gentle voice of friendship will restrain ;  
 A mite to indigence will joy impart ;  
 A pitying sigh some respite give to pain ;

A chearful tale deceive the weight of years ;  
 A doubtful hope the trembling year suspend ;  
 A welcome look dispel a lover's fears ;  
 A simple sonnet please a partial friend ;

And these are mine ; nor I these gifts despise ;  
 Eternal Power ! to whom each gift I owe,  
 With-hold even from my prayers the means of vice,  
 Nor let my wish fulfill'd procure my woe.

## L E T T E R XLV.

*Miss Greville to Miss Herbert.*

London.

AS we had fixed Tuesday for visiting Mrs. Clifford, Sir Charles came this morning at the appointed hour, and brought along with him a beautiful gray pad, elegantly caparisoned, of which he begged my acceptance. 'I do not like the horse you commonly ride, Miss Greville, said he, I have twice observed him very unmanageable; and as I am assured this one is perfectly well trained, it will save Mrs. Greville anxiety on your account, if you will do me the favour to make trial of it.' My mother thanked Sir Charles very warmly for this delicate proofs of his attention. But I fear, I did not receive it with so good a grace as I ought to have done. I could not help feeling uneasy under the weight of so many obligations.

Sir Charles perceived my embarrassment, and on my mother's quitting the room, came up to me, and taking my hand, 'However noble minded you are in other respects, Miss Greville, said he, you must forgive my presumption, if I venture to say, that your notions, on this subject are  
neither

neither so just nor liberal, as might be expected from one capable of thinking in the manner you do on every other. You would not surely wish to deprive me of the greatest pleasure of my life, that of obliging you? And then (with a sly look) I am superior to you in true generosity; for I can not only submit cheerfully to be obliged by the friend I esteem, but I declare I would with transport receive from her hands, a gift a thousand times more valuable than any in the power of fortune to bestow.'

'Well, well, Sir Charles, replied I, I hope one day to be revenged on you in your own way, by heaping obligations on your head, as well as to convince you, that I am not averse to being obliged, though I do not like, as now, to feel myself an absolute bankrupt.'

We set out on our little tour, and Sir Charles seemed quite delighted with the praises I bestowed on my new favourite. We found Mrs. Clifford at work as formerly. After having conversed some time, she begged permission to speak with me alone in the other room. She then asked me eagerly, whether it was not to Sir Charles Mortimer she was indebted for the letter and bill she had received when I was last

with her? I frankly confessed it was, and allowed her to return alone into the room, that she might make her acknowledgments to her benefactor without witnesses.

A few minutes afterwards, on entering the parlour, little Clara came running towards me, and clasping her arms round my neck, as I stooped to kiss her, 'Will you be my t'other Mamma, Miss Greville, said she, and I will love you as well as my own? You know we must love good people, and I am sure you are one of them, for Mamma told me so yesterday.'

I placed the sweet child on my lap, when, observing the chain of my watch, that hung over my skirt, she began to examine the seals and trinkets. I took out the watch, and seating her on the floor, gave her the watch, to amuse her.

After playing with it some time, Mrs. Clifford, afraid she would break the glass, took it from the child, to deliver it to me; when happening to cast her eye on one of the seals, impressed with the family-arms, she instantly changed colour, and reaching it to me, 'Miss Greville, cried she, with a faltering voice, may I presume to ask how you came by that seal?'

'I got it from my father, Madam, replied I; it is the family-arms, and'—  
'Great God! cried she, aloud, for what am I reserved?' and instantly fainted away.  
I flew

He flew to support her, and with the assistance of Sir Charles, carried her to the couch, where she lay, for several minutes without signs of life, in spite of every art we could use for her recovery. The cries of the innocent Clara at length brought her to her senses. She pressed her to her bosom, she bedewed her with her tears, and exclaimed, in the anguish of her soul, ‘ O wretched child, of a most wretched mother, what will become of thee! abandoned to the mercy of such a world, without fortune, parents, or one friend to protect thee,—an outcast from society—a reproach to her who bore thee!’——

Sir Charles and I remained thunder-struck with amazement. At length, recovering a little composure;—‘ Oh! pardon, Miss Greville, pardon, Sir Charles, the effect of shame, surprise, and unutterable sorrow. The resemblance of Miss Greville to him who is the guilty cause of all my misery, struck me the first moment I beheld her. Her voice often startled me, even after her name had convinced me of my error, in supposing her nearly allied to him.—Ah! would to Heaven I had still remained ignorant of the whole extent of my guilt and misery!’

‘ O my God! exclaimed she, raising her clasped hands and eyes in an agony of grief, forgive my secret offence; for thou knowest

knowest it was not presumptuously committed! Oh! that it might please thee to deliver me at once from this load of shame and infamy, and that existence which it will for ever embitter!"

I was now in no condition to assist the unfortunate stranger. This new proof of my father's licentious wickedness shocked me so much, that my senses wholly forsook me, and I fell lifeless into the arms of deeper distress than that he was now called to witness. I knew not in what terms to offer that consolation to Mrs. Clifford, of which I stood in the utmost need myself. I could only mingle my sighs and tears with hers, whilst our mournful silence sufficiently expressed the mutual sympathy, and bitter anguish of our souls.

I begged her to inform me, by what means she became acquainted with my father's arms; when, stepping to her cabinet, she brought me a letter, written the day before their pretended marriage, and which, in his hurry, he had certainly impressed, by mistake, with the seal that bore his arms. She said, she had often been at a great loss to understand the meaning of one sentence in her father's letter, "that there was no such person in the world as her pretended husband;" and that, on seeing me, and being told my name was Greville, she recollected, that the Lord  
formerly



formerly mentioned (doubtless the infamous Rochdale), called Mr. Clifford by that name, the day they visited her together, and Mr. Clifford gave him a hearty curse on the occasion; but that she took little notice of the affair, supposing it some jest.

After saying every thing in my power to comfort this unhappy lady, and assuring her, that her peculiar misfortunes only served to increase the tenderness of that friendship I felt for her, Sir Charles and I took our leave, and I returned to Harwood, in a state of such distress and agitation, that I was obliged to beg his excuse, and go immediately to bed, from whence I am but just arisen, and feel myself so much disordered, that I must lay aside my pen.

My dearest Maria! may your heart for ever remain a stranger to that complicated anguish with which mine is overwhelmed! May you never know a sorrow that destroys all sympathy, that excludes all hope, that admits of no consolation! Such are my present feelings with regard to the wretched author of my being. Cruel necessity! to be forced to bestow the revered name of Parent, on one, whose vices, justice, compassion, virtue, require you to abhor.

My heart's dear friend, farewell.

JULIA MORTIMER.

L E T.

## L E T T E R XLVI.

*Miss Herbert to Miss Greville.*

London.

TELL me not, my beloved Julia, that your sorrows destroy all sympathy, exclude all hope, and admit of no consolation. My friend, this is the language of despondent grief, not pious resignation.—Your sorrows, indeed, are both exquisite, and highly aggravated; but, while we continue to pursue the path of rectitude, let us not be discouraged by the difficulties with which it is encompassed; nor, while we hold steadily our allegiance to virtue, let us abandon that hope which is its best support.

Many circumstances have unfortunately combited to lead your unhappy father into a life of expence and dissipation. Evil habits form a chain, which neither sense, nor reflection, can at once dissolve. An hour may yet arrive—I trust in Heaven it is near! when these will unite their force, to free him from the tyranny of his passions; and, by shewing him the whole enormity of his crimes, teach him the necessity of fleeing every temptation to the commission of them.

This painful subject baffles every effort of friendship to relieve you. Seek relief,  
my

my Julia, from that Being, who, in times of greatest extremity, often brings us un-hoped deliverance; and is alike powerful and willing to assist those who place their whole confidence in his aid.

There is a point beyond which the human mind cannot suffer; and there are bounds also, beyond which human calamity cannot extend. Reflect, my beloved friend, with humble gratitude reflect, how far you are yet from reaching the verge of that frightful gulph. Reason, religion, friendship, and conscious rectitude, are yours. Open your heart to the consolations which these supply. And, above all, let the consideration of the shortness of life, mitigate the severity of its sufferings, and the assured hope of that which is to come, teach you to rise superior to them.

However moralists have disagreed, with regard to the source of this sentiment, it is universally allowed, that we derive some relief, from comparing our own, with the sufferings of those around us. How various! how complicated are the trials appointed to the human race! I cannot describe what I have felt since hearing of the distress of a worthy family in this neighbourhood.

Mr. Sanby, having lost his eldest son in a fever, wrote to his youngest, a lieutenant in the same regiment with Lord Rivers,

vers, entreating him to sell out, and return to be the support of his afflicted parents, whole sole surviving child he then was. The young gentleman, though with much reluctance, quitted the army, and returned to England. He acquainted his father with his arrival, and fixed a day for returning home. The preceding evening, having appointed several of his young companions to meet him at the tavern; a trifling dispute arose. Heated with wine, he defended his opinion with warmth. His most intimate friend opposed it with the same violence of passion.—The lie was given—each flew to his sword, and Sanby fell by the hand of his dearest friend—who loved him, and whose life he had once saved, at the risk of his own,

Nothing presents us with so striking a proof of the weakness of human reason, and inconsistency of human conduct, as the practice of submitting the rectitude of a man's actions, and the justness of his opinions, to be determined by the skill of his arm, or the temper of his sword.

One really knows not whether most to pity or blame that person, whom one sees alarmed at the approach of the slightest malady; ransacking all nature to procure health; terrified at the mention of death; and eager to preserve that life, which, for the sake of an imaginary affront, a haughty  
look,

look, or unguarded expression, he, without once reflecting on the awful consequence, madly throws away.

Farewell, my dear afflicted friend ! May you be sustained under all your trials ; and, in due time, happily delivered from them, prays devoutly,

Yours unalterably,

MARIA HERBERT.

## LETTER XLVII.

*Miss Greville to Miss Herbert.*

Harwood.

ALAS, my dear friend ! there is no hope of deliverance from my sufferings.— They increase every hour, and almost drive me to despair.

Last night, the servant came and told my mother, that a gentleman had been twice that day to enquire for my father ; and finding he was not expected home till next day, had desired her to deliver a letter he left into my father's own hands.

My dear mother's heart instantly caught the alarm, and presaged some new misfortune. My father and Lord Rochdale arrived to dinner ; she desired my father to step with me into her dressing-room, and directed

directed me where to find the letter.—  
Having delivered it, I was about to retire, when, with a stern voice, he commanded me to stay.

Having read the letter, he loaded the author of it with the most dreadful execrations; and then, addressing himself to me, “I have too long indulged you, cried he, in delaying a marriage, which might have saved me from this insult. My creditors are no longer to be satisfied with promises. Lord Rochdale has generously engaged to lend me a sum sufficient to extricate me from all my difficulties, as soon as you become his wife. On you, therefore, depends, not only your father’s credit, but his life; for, by Heaven, I will never submit to the shame of confinement. And remember, Julia—for the last time, remember, that unless you chuse to see me carried to prison before your eyes, or worse—you must, this very day, be explicit with Lord Rochdale, and fix one, to put an end to his expectations, and my perplexities.”

My horror, during this speech, deprived me of utterance. I sunk down on a chair, and for some minutes remained like one thunderstruck. When I recovered my senses, my first impulse was to follow my father, throw myself at his feet, and implore his compassion. But a moment’s reflection

reflection served to convince me, that, in the present state of his mind, this would only redouble his resentment against me. The thought of adding to my mother's affliction, by communicating my own, was dreadful; yet how to conceal it, I knew not. In the midst of these distracting perplexities, the bell rang for dinner; and, summoning all my resolution, I returned to the parlour.

The moment I entered, "What is the matter, my dear? cried my mother,"—then stopping, as if afraid to ask, "Pray, take a little wine, you seem ready to faint."

"I shall soon be better," said I, seating myself at table; and struggling to suppress those sorrows, with which my heart was almost bursting. My mother, fearful of increasing my agitation, remained silent; but the detestable Lord Rochdale made my indisposition a pretence for a thousand officious attentions, that increased it every moment.

After dinner, my father told my mother, he wished to talk with her a few minutes in her dressing-room. They retired; and so great was my horror at being left with Lord Rochdale, that, in spite both of prudence and good manners, I rose to quit the room.

He prevented me, by stepping between me and the door; and, assuming all the respect

respect and suppleness of the most humble admirer, conjured me to hear him on a subject that engrossed his whole soul.

Unable to restrain the anguish of mine —“ My Lord, said I, hear me, while, for the last time, I assure you, that neither solicitation nor compulsion, shall ever prevail with me to act, in contradiction both to my judgment and my feelings. What dependence could you have on the conduct of a wife who was capable of deceiving you as a mistress? I will not deceive you, my Lord. I never can love, and therefore never will marry you. Reflect how cruel, how dishonourable a part, then, it would be to irritate my father against me, by forcing me to make the same declaration to him. And if you indeed feel for me that tenderness you profess, shew yourself worthy of my gratitude, by abandoning at once a pursuit, which may make me still more miserable, but never can bring happiness to you.”

Quite overpowered with vexation, I retired to a window, and burst into tears. He seemed much affected by my distress; but, alas! far from doing any thing to relieve it, he only redoubled his odious professions; till, quite exhausted with his prayers, vows, and remonstrances, I rudely broke from him, and left the room. As soon as I reached my own, I gave vent to

my



my intolerable anguish. My dear mother joined me; and we spent two hours in deploring our misfortunes, without being able to fix on any thing likely to alleviate or remove them.

Encouraged by the compassion and indulgence of this dear Parent, I am resolved, at all events, to repeat to-morrow to my father, the same declaration I have just made Lord Rochdale. But, Oh! Maria, the dreadful thought of what may be the consequence of such a disappointment, to a man of such a violent temper as my unhappy father! That fearful hint too—May Heaven guide me!—for every way I look, misery presents itself to my view, and I see no way left to escape.

In continuation:

My father, and Lord Rochdale, are gone together; and I shall at least have one day left to determine on the most prudent way of conducting myself in this dreadful dilemma, as they return not till Wednesday.

My mother thinks it would be adviseable, that I should pay a visit, for a few weeks, to my god-mother Lady Linster, till the first violence of the tempest is over. But how can I bear to leave her exposed to all its fury? No, Maria, duty and affection both plead for my remaining with my tenderly beloved parent, to share, at least, if I cannot shield her from calamity.

O that

O that you were here to aid me with your advice! My own reason is insufficient to direct me, and my mother listens to affection alone in the counsel she gives. May Heaven speedily relieve me from the accumulated sorrows, which overwhelm your afflicted friend,

JULIA GREVILLE.

## L E T T E R XLVIII.

*To Miss Herbert from Miss Greville's Maid.*

MADAM,

I am commanded, by my dear young Lady, who is extremely ill, to inform you, that last night Mr. Greville fell from his horse; and, being in liquor, was so dreadfully bruised, that he expired in great distress this morning.

Worthy Mrs. Greville is very poorly; but she is so accustomed to affliction, that she bears it better than Miss. Pray, dear Madam, write to her without delay: it will give her much comfort; for she is never so happy, as when she receives your letters; and, at present, she stands in need of every support your friendship can afford her. I am, Madam, with due respect,

Your very humble servant,

SARAH DORMER.

L E T T.

## LETTER XLIX.

*Miss Herbert to Miss Greville.*

London.

Never, dearest Julia, never, till this moment, did I feel difficulty, in addressing the friend of my heart. What can I suggest to relieve yours from the intolerable anguish with which it is overwhelmed?

It is by such awful dispensations, and in hours of such peculiar darkness as the present, that the Almighty teaches his feeble creatures, to raise their eyes from second causes, and what they call fortuitous events, to him, the great First Cause, and Supreme Governor of the universe. It is then that their virtues are made perfect by discipline; that their faith triumphs over the world: it is then that the most enlightened of the human race are brought to a feeling sense of their own ignorance; that, with humility, they adore what they cannot comprehend, and cry out, in the words of a truly great person, "Man is error and ignorance; Being of beings! have mercy on me!"

Dearest Julia, seek for consolation, where alone it is to be found, by the broken heart, and wounded spirit. Pass over the present disorderly scene; recal your thoughts from  
the

the gloomy images it presents, and look forward to that grand consummation, when light shall arise out of darkness, order out of confusion, good be educed from evil, and harmony, and happiness, and perfection, prevail through all the works of God.

I will not attempt a long letter at present; neither will I injure your friendship, by supposing it possible that you, or Mrs. Greville, can be hurt by the natural expression of my father's. He entreats you to draw on him immediately for whatever sums you may want, to defray the expenses of the present melancholy occasion.—He will write soon to your dear mother, and offer his advice with regard to her future plans.

You may believe I long to hear the particulars of your father's death; and you cannot doubt that I am, with every affection of my heart, your real and sympathizing friend,

MARIA HERBERT.

## L E T T E R L.

*Sir Charles Mortimer to Miss Greville.*

Grove.

With the respect due to affliction, like yours, and the sympathy which flows from the most tender friendship, permit me,  
dearest

dearest Miss Greville, to intrude even on those moments which are justly devoted to sorrow, to warn you of the danger of giving way to its extreme violence; and to remind you, that it is not only your own health which is now at stake, but the health and peace of your afflicted mother, the comfort and happiness of all who know and love you.

Accuse me not of presumption, if I entreat you sometimes to leave your mother's apartment, and walk into the garden, for the benefit of the fresh air. Such close confinement, in this hot season, must be extremely hurtful to a constitution so delicate as yours. Dearest Miss Greville, excuse my earnestness on this subject: you cannot imagine how deeply it interests me.

Though the officious and impertinent visits of common acquaintance, are peculiarly irksome to a mind wholly occupied with its sorrows; yet I trust the tender cares of real friendship, will be rather soothing to yours. Permit me, then, to enjoy one of its most valuable privileges, that of lessening the weight of calamity, by sharing in the grief it occasions; and of assuring you in person, that none more deeply feels, or more ardently wishes to alleviate yours, than your faithful, admiring and devoted

CHARLES MORTIMER.

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LET-

## L E T T E R    L I.

*Miss Greville to Sir Charles Mortimer.*

Harwood.

THE share you generously take, in the distress of this afflicted family, cannot fail to render your visit extremely welcome to them.

Be assured, dear Sir, the many instances of your humane and delicate attention to us, afford us the only consolation, of which our present sorrows can admit, and excite the most sincere esteem and gratitude of,

Your obliged humble servant,  
JULIA GREVILLE.

## L E T T E R    L I I.

*Miss Greville to Miss Herbert.*

Harwood.

AT length, Maria, my kind, my compassionate friend ; at length, I am able to resume that pen, which, for several weeks, my own, and still more, the distress of my dear suffering parent, has obliged me to abandon. O, my friend ! how amiable is her patience ! how exemplary her fortitude !

titude! how truly admirable her whole conduct!

How few characters, like hers, bear the test of long acquaintance, and varied observation! and still command the deep regard of a ripened judgment, which they formerly obtained from a youthful mind, easily struck, and prone to admire! She does not merely maintain the admiration she has formerly engaged, but grows more and more venerable by every new attitude, and every added year.

It is impossible to express to you my grateful sense of your generous friendship, and soothing tenderness. Think not, my best friend, that we would pain a heart of such sensibility as your father's, by declining to accept of his kind offer, were we in immediate want of money. But Lord Belmont, that uncle, whose favour was forfeited by one parent, on account of the misconduct of the other, ceases to extend his resentment beyond the grave. His lawyer paid my mother a visit yesterday, and presented her, in his name, with a bill for five hundred pounds, with the promise of more hereafter. As my mother considers this as a part of her fortune, she made no scruple to accept of it, and made me return a card of proper acknowledgment to my uncle; informing him, at the same time, of the whole extent of our misfor-

tunes. I will not conceal from you the miserable state of our affairs. The creditors, in compassion to my mother, have allowed us to continue at Harwood till the ensuing term, when every thing must be sold off. Something must be done for the support of my dear afflicted parent, who I really think cannot long struggle under the weight of such complicated misfortunes. As my uncle appears, by this action, to be well disposed towards us, I think of applying to him, by whose interest, I am confident, a small pension might be obtained from Government for my mother.

My grandfather distinguished himself, by some very important services during the last war, for which he demanded no other reward, than the confidence and esteem of his Royal Master, which he always enjoyed. Till my mother's ill-fated marriage, Lord Belmount doted on her; but since that time, he would never even suffer her name to be mentioned before him.

I am not yet able to enter on the shocking detail you require. Indeed my spirits are so depressed, that every kind of exertion is painful, in a degree hardly to be conceived but by being felt. My mother struggles to support my mind, by concealing that hopeless sorrow, which preys upon her own, and daily impairs that strength,  
which



which for some time has been sensibly declining. Continue, dearest Maria, to sooth me by your tenderness, when I am so weak, as not to be able to profit by your advice. In all places, in every situation, they are both received with gratitude, by your truly affectionate, though afflicted friend,

JULIA GREVILLE.

## LETTER LIII.

*Sir Charles Mortimer to Mr. Belford.*

Grove.

Dear BELFORD,

AN accident of a most shocking nature has reduced the unfortunate family at Harwood to the greatest extremity, and involved your friend in fresh perplexity. A few days ago, Mr. Greville fell from his horse, and expired in great agonies. The creditors have met, and informed me, that the estate must be brought to an immediate sale. Now, indeed I should feel the highest pleasure that wealth can bestow, did I not fear to oppress the gentle heart of my Julia with fresh obligations, and dread appearing, by conferring them, to lay claim to those returns I ardently wish.

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but never, by such means, would obtain. In truth, if I know my own heart, it is actuated by superior and disinterested motives; by the wish alone of relieving, from the most depressing sorrows, those, whose merit and sensibility must render their weight doubly unsupportable.

Could any thing add to my esteem, my admiration of this sweet suffering angel, it would be the patient dignity with which she supports her misfortunes, the fortitude with which she rises superior to them, and at times seems to forget them altogether, in order to support her mother, whose long acquaintance with adversity, has not rendered her less sensible to her afflictions, though less able than formerly to struggle with them.

Oh Belford! how shall I conduct myself? This is sure no time for urging my suit. Yet may not that delicacy lead me too far, which would impose absolute silence? I am distracted and bewildered in the variety of my own thoughts. Cool and impartial as you are, direct me, my dearest friend, for I am utterly incapable of determining for myself.

Though not urgent, I ought sure to be explicit, at a time when this lovely young creature, deprived of her natural protector, sees herself about to be exposed to all those outrages, to which beauty, innocence, and  
poverty

poverty subject her helpless sex ; abandoned to the dangers of a world, the more hazardous, that it is unsuspected, the more seductive, that it is unknown.

Yes, Belford ! conscious of the rectitude of my own sentiments, I will once more avow them to her, and try to discover, through modesty (its only veil), whether her gentle heart sympathises in the tender affection of mine.

Wonder not that I rest all my hopes of happiness on the success of my present pursuit. The early disgust I conceived, for what are called *fashionable pleasures*, and which the best of fathers taught me to regard, in the juster light of ruinous vices, has preserved my taste for elegant and virtuous enjoyments unvitiated. None appear to me worthy of that name, in which the heart takes no share, and which cannot stand the test of reason, or the search of reflection.

Hitherto the women I have conversed with, among the circles of the gay and polite, seem, by their frivolous pursuits, artificial manners, and trifling conversation, better calculated to inspire contempt, than awaken tenderness. What happiness can a man expect from the society of a woman, whose whole study is to gain admiration, and who does not even appear to be desirous of inspiring any other sentiment?

Can one expect, that the force of habit, and usual bent of the mind, are so entirely to be changed by matrimony, as to convert a gay, thoughtless, dissipated woman of fashion, into a sober, reasonable, affectionate companion? or that one accustomed to live in a crowd, will be disposed to relish the quiet pleasures, or discharge the important duties, of a domestic character?

Till I had the happiness of seeing Miss Greville, I never even formed a wish to marry. She alone, of all her sex whom I have yet known, seems capable of forming the tenderest of all connections, and of endearing that sacred and blissful union, by sharing cordially in the sweet satisfaction she bestows. Oh Belford! I can conceive no higher earthly bliss, than to possess the esteem of so elevated a mind, the affection of so gentle a heart.

What transport would not such a mistress exalt—what sorrow would not such a friend alleviate! But I forget you are no lover, and that complaisance alone can make you listen, with attention, to the often repeated subject, which wholly engrosses,

Your faithful friend,

CHARLES MORTIMER.

LET-

## LETTER LIV.

*Miss Greville to Miss Herbert.*

Harwood.

Maria! to what variety of distress am I doomed? Must the necessary trials inflicted by that Being, who only chastens to amend, and punishes to reform, be embittered by the cruelty and malevolence of our fellow-creatures? Ah! is it not enough to sink under the pressure of poverty and affliction? must the weight be increased to anguish, by contempt and insult?

But let me reply to your enquiry concerning the death of my father. Would to Heaven, that I could draw a veil over that, and all his errors for ever! It was the consequence of his usual intemperance. On occasion of Lord Rochdale's return to the country, they had dined together at a tavern in —; and being much heated with wine, had ridden very hard, as appeared by their horses.

About a quarter of a mile from hence, my father's horse started, and run off; and his foot being entangled in the stirrup, he was dragged home in the most miserable condition. My mother being in bed, was alarmed by the noise, and hastily got up. When she entered the room where he was

lying on a couch, she gave a loud shriek, and fainted away. The sight of his wife seemed to redouble his agonies; he strove to speak, but could not. After a few minutes, he eagerly grasped my hand, and, with greatly difficulty, articulated these few words:—"Julia,—my child—forgive—Oh forgive—I have miserably injured—deceived, ruined!"—Here the violence of his emotions put a stop to his utterance; the most frightful convulsions succeeded, and, in half an hour, put an end to his existence. Maria! my tears blind me—I can no more—Oh! he was, he was my father!

The wretched companion of his debauch seemed greatly affected with the sight of my mother's distress, and my own. He sent every day to enquire after us, and came himself, as soon as decency would permit, to wait on us. He continued to visit us oftener than I thought consistent with propriety, my very delicate situation considered; and one day, on meeting Sir Charles at Harwood, betrayed, such marks of jealousy and chagrin, as could not escape penetration like his. At parting, he dropped some hints, which, though conveyed in the most artful language, were sufficient both to offend and alarm me. I gave orders to the servants, in Sir Charles's hearing, to be denied next time Lord Rochdale

Rochdale called. And would you believe it, Maria, this audacious Libertine had the insolence to write to me on the occasion; and after complaining of my indifference, and reproaching me with my ingratitude for his constancy and affection, to insinuate, that I was less cruel, where my own inclination influenced me. I was so provoked with this treatment, that I sent back his letters unopened, and persisted in refusing his visits; when, last Sunday, on returning from church, he had the audacity to follow the carriage which I had borrowed from Mrs. Guildford for that purpose, and coming up, just as it stopped, rudely seized my hand, on pretence of helping me out, and followed me into the parlour.

Surprise and indignation kept me silent. He seated himself near me, and with the most unblushing impudence, and insolent cruelty, told me, that as I was now without either fortune or friends, he hoped I would no longer reject his proposals, nor refuse the protection of a man who adored me, would lay his fortune at my feet, and give me the sole disposal both of that and its master. On saying this, he again attempted to take my hand, which I snatched from him, and rising hastily, and pulling the bell, desired the servant to enquire whether Lord Rochdale's carriage was *in waiting*. Then turning to him, with as  
much

much composure as I could command, "My Lord, said I, were I not sufficiently humbled under the weight of my misfortunes, your Lordship's behaviour this morning would make me feel their whole bitterness, by shewing me what barbarous liberties, the gay and the prosperous think themselves entitled to take, with the indigent and distressed."

A shower of tears, which I vainly laboured to suppress now burst from my eyes. The unfeeling Rochdale continued to increase both my grief and resentment, by painting, in stronger terms, my destitute situation.

No longer able to support such treatment, I rallied my scattered spirits, and replied to him, with a look abundantly expressive of my contempt, "Poor, friendless, and afflicted I may be; but I trust the load of self-reproach shall never be added to the weight of those trials with which Heaven may see it necessary to exercise me."

"May you, my Lord, for the future, learn more respect for the daughter of him you called your friend; and may you never experience anguish like that you have inflicted on one who pities whilst she condemns, and forgives whilst she reproaches you."

So saying, I quitted the room; and Lord Rochdale finding it impossible to detain  
tain.



tain me, hurried down stairs, got into his chariot, and drove from the door like lightning.

Oh Maria! how mortifying, how humiliating, is this treatment to your friend! Yet—ought not the shame to return on his head, who can thus add insult and barbarity to affliction like mine?

Ah! would to Heaven I could with honour accept the kind, the generous protector, whom Providence seems to have sent for my relief! Would to Heaven this heart, which reveres his worth, could repay his tender affection. But, Maria! it will not be. Too sacred do I hold the marriage-vow, too highly do I esteem Sir Charles Mortimer, ever, at the altar, to profess with my lips, what my heart disavows; and, in spite of all my efforts, to drive it thence, still, still, Maria! the image of the faithless, the ungrateful Rivers obtrudes itself; mingles with all my reflections, and redoubles all my woes.

The inclosed is this moment brought me. The agitation which the name of Rivers always occasions me, prevented me from observing the superscription; and I opened it, before I perceived it was from Lord Rochdale. How mean, how despicable is vice, even under the fairest mask it can assume!

*Lord*

*Lord Rochdale to Miss Greville.*

Nothing, believe me, adorable Julia! nothing was farther from my thoughts, than to give you pain, by what passed between us this morning. That I have been so unfortunate as to displease you, must be imputed solely to the violence of a passion which transports me beyond the bounds of prudence. I feel myself miserable under the weight of your resentment. I cannot exist without you. Deign then, most charming of your sex! to bury what is past in oblivion. Consent to be mine, by the most honourable and indissoluble of all ties, and, along with the title of Countess of Rochdale, accept of the most grateful acknowledgments of the man who adores you, who dotes on you to distraction; who will never taste of pleasure, till entitled to subscribe himself,

Your fond husband,

ROCHDALE..

*Miss Greville to Lord Rochdale.*

Harwood..

My LORD,

I am duly sensible of the honour you intend me, but utterly incapable of making the

the return you wish. May the title of Countess of Rochdale be bestowed on one more deserving of your preference, more ambitious of distinction, and better calculated to make you happy, than

Your humble servant,

JULIA GREVILLE.

## LETTER LV.

*Sir Charles Mortimer to Mr. Belford.*

Grove.

I thank my friend for his prudent advice, which so exactly coincided with my own feelings, that I had followed your plan before the arrival of your letter.

With whatever hesitation, my resolution of a formal declaration was once attended, every objection vanished, before a circumstance, that at once wounded my delicacy, and roused my indignation, to a height I hardly thought myself capable of feeling.

The contemptible, the infamous Rochdale, renewed his visits at Harwood, the instant he heard of mine being admitted there. And though I saw I had nothing to fear from him as a rival, it gave me pain to observe the uneasy restraint his conversation (most indelicately particular) imposed.

posed on the amiable Julia. Unable always to conceal her disgust, she expressed her dislike of his odious gallantry one day, in a manner marked and severe. Supposing she wished for an opportunity to give him a final dismissal, I arose, and took my leave; but was instantly followed by this despicable wretch, who told me, in an insulting tone, that he would no longer dispute the possession of Miss Greville, with one who he saw was not only more agreeable to her, but had probably bribed higher than he chose to do on this occasion; especially, added he, with a sarcastic smile, "as neither of us can flatter himself with being a first-lover."

Belford! think what I felt at that instant! Rage a while kept me silent; and during that important moment, reason represented at one view, all that train of dreadful consequences, which might ensue, if I gave way to my just resentment. The extreme delicacy of Miss Greville's situation, and the irreparable injury her spotless character might sustain, from a quarrel between Lord Rochdale and me, did more to repress my indignation, than any other consideration whatever. I could not, however, restrain my contempt. Fixing my eyes on him, with a look, I believe, abundantly expressive of what I felt; "There is no need, my Lord, said I, of  
bribing

bribing the favour of Miss Greville, since it is evident she has too much discernment to be biassed by any advantages that rank and fortune can offer, to bestow hers on an unworthy object." So saying, I flung from him, without waiting a reply. Should he ever attempt offering one, I shall take care to let him understand, that though I despise too much the maxims of false honour, ever to put my life in competition with his ; yet I will never submit to hear the slightest insinuation to the disadvantage of Miss Greville, thrown out by offended pride, or mean revenge.

How deplorable, my friend, is that debasement in which vice plunges the human character ? Who can reflect, without horror, on the cruelty, as well as injustice, of a conduct like that of Rochdale's, who, for the momentary indulgence of unavailing resentment, would defame the reputation, and ruin the peace of a modest and amiable girl, who never injured him ; and whose only offence is a total freedom from those base and sordid passions, which would have led many, in like trying circumstances, to sacrifice the happiness of others, to their own avarice or ambition. How monstrous is that return he meditates, for honour and generosity so noble, so uncommon !

I met him coming down stairs this morning as I went up. We took no other notice

tice of each other, than a slight bow.—Before I was seated, Miss Greville, in great agitation, rung for her maid, and desired her to give positive orders, that she should be denied for the future, when Lord Rochdale called.

I could not help expressing some curiosity to know the reason of this injunction; the more so, that she appeared in the greatest confusion and disorder. On my hinting my fears, that something in Rochdale's behaviour had offended her, a tear stole down her cheek, and, after a little hesitation,—“Perhaps, Sir Charles, said she, I am too easily hurt,—I ought to reflect—to remember—that I am not now what I have been;—that I am not to expect to meet in the world with delicacy and humanity like yours. Indeed, Sir Charles, added she, withdrawing that hand which I held in mine, and bursting into tears, I did not know, till now, what a proud, what an unsubdued heart I have. But God Almighty will enable me, I trust, to subdue it.” She rose, and retired, to conceal her agitation. How happy for me, at that moment, was the absence of the wretch who occasioned it! The tears of Julia pierced my very soul, and deprived me of every feeling but rage and revenge. In a few minutes she returned, and approaching me with her usual sweetness and composure,

sure, "I shall make no apology to you, Sir, said she, with whom I wish to have no reserves, for betraying my own weakness, or the inhumanity of him who occasioned it. But let me entreat you, Sir Charles, by that friendship I value as my ~~first~~ <sup>best</sup> blessing, never to ~~take~~ <sup>take</sup> the slightest notice of what is past. I am confident, after my behaviour this morning, I have nothing more to fear from that of Lord Rochdale, whom I consider as below even my resentment.—

"Nay, continued she, seeing me about to interrupt her, and holding out her hand, you must pledge your word to me on this occasion." I eagerly kissed that proffered hand. "I swear, cried I, never to forget the insolence of the most daring, the most inhuman of mankind; but for your sake—yes, most amiable Julia! for your sake to restrain the resentment, and at least delay the punishment it merits. Ah! would to Heaven, rejoined I, it were permitted me, without wounding the delicacy of that heart, whose every sentiment I revere, to expose to that contempt he deserves, the basest, the most unworthy of mankind! Would to Heaven, dearest Julia, that the heart I so ardently covet, could reply, without reluctance, to the fondest wishes of mine; and confer on me a title, which none would dispute, to guard my sweetest angel from insult."

Whilst

Whilst I spoke, I perceived the tears again swell into her eyes. She heaved a deep sigh, and raising them once more to my face, "Oh! do not,—do not urge me more on this subject at present, said she, ~~with the~~ most affecting earnestness. I am not—believe me I ~~am~~ not insensible to your worth—your tenderness. But O! Sir Charles, how is it possible, that, amidst such complicated distress, my heart can admit of any other feeling than the deepest, the most depressing sorrow?"

"Your sorrows are mine, my dearest Julia, replied I, almost as much affected as herself. Never will I add to them, by a subject in any degree painful to you. Permit me only to share them, and, by confiding in my friendship, at least convince me of your esteem."

I then changed the conversation, for one always most interesting to this most amiable girl, the health of her dear mother. Insensibly the restraint, always visible in Julia's manner, when any thing particular takes place in our conversation, gave way to that sedateness and composure, which, more than all her other attractions, endears her to my heart. Something must be done, and that speedily, for the relief of these deserving sufferers. I have not yet been able to fix on any plan for that purpose. All seem liable to some objection. But Heaven,



ven, I trust, will direct me, in the choice of that, which, without wounding their delicacy, may alleviate those misfortunes, which greatly afflict,

Your devoted and faithful friend,

CHARLES MORTIMER.

## L E T T E R LVI.

*Miss Greville to Miss Herbert.*

Harwood.

O MARIA! how painful is this sense of ever-increasing obligation! Never, surely was there a more noble or delicate mind, than that of Sir Charles Mortimer. Ever since my father's death, he has, if possible, been more respectful to my mother, more attentive to me than formerly; but, till yesterday, never once hinted the subject of his passion. I wrote, as I proposed, to my uncle. Judge of my astonishment this morning, on receiving the following answer to my letter :

“ I know not what you mean by five hundred pounds sent by my lawyer to your mother. I never heard of your father's death till this moment, and confess it is an event which occasions me but little affliction.

tion. As your mother is now, I suppose, abundantly sensible of an error never to be repaired, I shall say nothing at present on the hateful subject. If she and her daughter can be satisfied to live in the country, where I may never hear a name I detest, you shall receive annually two hundred pounds.

“I do not chuse to apply to government, in behalf of those I will never countenance.

BELMOUNT.”

When Sir Charles called, as usual, to enquire after us, I shewed him this letter, and communicated my suspicions of the real author of my mother's present. He did not affect to deny it, but added, with a manner extremely serious and affecting, “Why, dearest Miss Greville, will you force me to have recourse to stratagems I detest? Have you not assured me of your esteem? have you not proffered me your friendship? is it generous, is it even just, in you, to refuse the only proofs I can give you of mine? Is it in prosperity alone, that we are permitted to enjoy the privileges of friendship? Was it not ordained by Heaven to be the companion of adversity! Where would be the advantage of affluence, if all the world were to think and act as you do? Are riches desirable for the  
pur-

purpose of mere selfish indulgence? Let us change situations, and ask your own ingenuous heart, what pleasure they could afford, if thus misapplied?

“Dearest, dearest Julia, continued he, pressing my hand to his lips, believe me, I do not wish to influence your determinations by my conduct. Not even from you, would I accept this hand, unless it were accompanied with that degree of tenderness, which alone would enable me to render you happy. But tell me,” continued he, with great emotion, and fixing his eyes on mine, which were streaming with tears, “may I not hope,—may I not flatter myself, from the exquisite sensibility, of which I daily see so many proofs, that my boundless affection, and unremitting cares to promote your felicity, joined with the esteem you generously profess for me, may combine to form a sentiment so tender, as in time may ripen into love?”

“Let us not sport away our own happiness in pursuit of a phantom, an imaginary bliss, incompatible with our present state, and no where to be found. Possessed of each others esteem and confidence, can we doubt, that, with the sincere wish, Heaven will grant us the power to render each other happy? Doubt not, my amiable Julia, that, with dispositions and principles such as yours, the man you honour with  
your

your hand, if sensible of the value of such a blessing, will effectually secure, by his conduct, your tender, your grateful affection." "Oh Sir Charles, exclaimed I, for your own sake, for mine, do not urge me to a step, which I may for ever repent. Again, let me assure you of my gratitude, my lively lasting esteem, but"—"We will talk no more on this subject at present," interrupted Sir Charles. "I am too happy in possessing your friendship, to risk the loss of such a blessing, by any action that might occasion you uneasiness."

Soon after, he took his leave. I told my mother the substance of what had passed between us. "My dearest Julia," said this affectionate parent, "I am conscious, that a little time must put a period to all my sorrows. My extreme weakness convinces me, that period, so long desired, draws near. After suffering so much from an unhappy marriage, can you wonder, that to see you happily settled, is my only earthly concern?"

"I would not urge you to marry any man for whom you felt dislike; but with the sentiments you entertain for Sir Charles Mortimer, and his singular merit, I think you may, nay ought to secure yourself a protector against the dangers to which your youth, and want of fortune, will expose you.

"With

“ With gratitude and ingenuity like yours, I cannot doubt of your making all the returns to Sir Charles’s tenderness, which worth like his deserves, and virtue like yours delights to pay.

“ Yet—let not regard for me influence my dearest child. Believe me, Julia, nothing on earth, besides your happiness, can give me one moment’s concern. Consult that; my best love. If you can bring yourself to marry Sir Charles without reluctance, let me have the comfort, before I die, of bestowing you on a man, whom I really think deserving of such a treasure. If not—trust in that God, who is both able and willing to protect you, and who will himself reward that rectitude, which he at once inspires and approves.”

Ah, Maria! what a struggle is mine! I see the path of duty before me: honour, justice, gratitude, demand, that I should repay a conduct so exalted, so disinterested as that of Sir Charles. Maria! could I hope to make him happy—I would—I think I would comply with his wishes, the wishes of my dear affectionate mother, the dictates of my own sober reason. But this heart,—this stubborn rebellious heart, refuses its assent to the decision of my judgment. O my friend! should I conquer my reluctance; should I combat my fears; should I give that hand he so anxiously

ously solicits, to Sir Charles, and yet be unable to render him happy,—what then would remain for your Julia?

It is too plain, that my dear parent is fast verging towards the close of a life, spent in virtue and piety, but afflicted with all the anguish that flows from the bitter fountain of ingratitude?

How necessary for our support, whilst journeying through this vale of tears, is the conviction, that it terminates in that land, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest?—Still more, Maria, that, through the dark and dismal territories of death, we pass to the regions of light, and life, and immortality?

Without this cheering prospect, what a chaos of darkness, confusion, and distress, would be, at this moment, the afflicted soul of your

JULIA GREVILLE.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME..











